

The Quill







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SENIORS



FAREWELL

Students and friends of East High. We, the summer class of 1924, are now about to relinquish our place.

I do not believe there ever has been or ever will be any period in our lives which can compare with that through which we have so recently passed.

The ideals and traditions of our school have been so thoroughly instilled into our character that, led by the spirit of East High, we go on, feeling a tremendous debt of gratitude for the treasure she has offered us.

During our four years we have become more and more conscious of the aims and purposes that guide our school. In passing on we wish to admonish the present student body that as alumni we shall look to those who follow us to maintain the high standard of our school. To you who are yet to graduate, we entrust the future of East High.

This mantle, a symbol of all that East High holds dear, we leave in your keeping.

Ralph Nichols, President.

TRIP TO THE LEDGES

The August class of 1924 decided that too much study was dampening their spirits and so meandered off toward the Ledges for a holiday. Because Mother Nature was not in favor of this journey she cried all over the road so Papa Burton quickly retraced his steps and guided his flock to Ames.

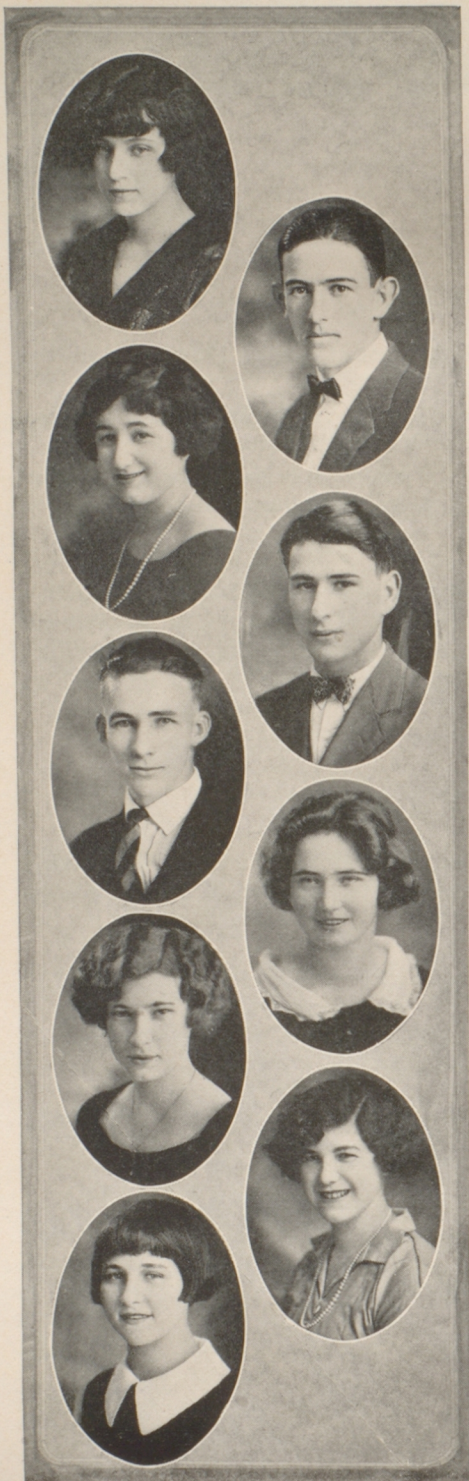
Dean Foster gave them a hearty welcome and after displaying his domain he departed. After they had participated in all the nonsensical and puerile frolics of a picnic they succeeded in storing away a prodigious quantity of foodstuffs, ignoring all thoughts of after effects. Soon afterward they departed for home.

SENIOR BANQUET

The senior class held their banquet at "The Woodland," July 29th.

The table was artistically decorated with the season's flowers. In the center of the table was the "little red schoolhouse" representing East High, with toy dolls for "Mary and her little lamb" and "Buster Brown and his dog." Each guest received as a favor a student doll dressed in cap and gown.

A delightful three-course dinner was served. Between courses they were entertained by singing parodies of songs. Ralph Nichols acting as toastmaster introduced Murray Hotchkiss, who spoke on "How East High Impresses a Visiting Student." Eugene Davidson spoke on "How East High Impresses a Regular Student," and Mr. Burton on "What East High Holds for Its Students." Mr. Burton then presented each student with a miniature diploma for the services performed for East High. Games were enjoyed afterwards.



VIVIAN FREDREGILL

"Viv"

Her smile softens every heart.

HAROLD SEYMOUR

*With graceful step he strides the street
And smiles on every lady sweet.*

PAULINE RABINOWITZ

"Polly"

*As timid violets lade the ambient air
The fragrance whispers that the flower is
there.*

Organizations—Junior Chamber of Commerce.

EUGENE PHILIP DAVIDSON

"Gene"

"I chatter, chatter as I go."

Organizations—Shakespearean Club '23, '24.

CARL LINDBERG

"Swede"

*"Rub him,
Tub him,
Scrub him,
He comes up smiling."*

Organizations—Swimming Team '23-'24.

IONA LUKE

*The world looks brighter from behind a
smile.*

VIOLET FORD

"Vi"

"She has that twinkle in her eye."

Organizations—Student Council '21.

JESSIE SHANE

"Jes"

*I'll be merry, I'll be free,
I'll be sad for nobody.*

EVELYN CASPE

"Eve"

Eyes that charm.

Organizations—Junior Chamber of Commerce;
"Twilight Alley."

OLGA MOORE

*The girl worth while
Is the girl who can smile
When everything goes dead wrong.*

HENRIETTE HINRICH

"Eddie Bill"

Goodness is beauty.

Organizations—Literary Society; Hiking Club;
Glee Club.

VIVIAN ALTA NEWMAN

"Vi"

"Genuine—avoid imitation."

MILDRED CHRISTIANSEN

"Mid"

"I have taken my fun where I've found it."
Organizations—Y. W. C. A. '23, '24.

RUTH LEWIS

*The sweetest and lovable too—
Best kind of sport and a pal true blue.*
Organizations—Latin Club; Spanish Club.

EDWARD BRANIFF

Only the best is good enough for me.

MARTHA VELMA CRIM

"Mike"

"A true friend is always true."

Organizations—Y. W. C. A.; Girls' Glee Club;
Orange and Black (Newspaper); Girls' Basketball '22; Girls' Tennis '23.

DOROTHY JACOBSON

"Tiny"

*The Freshman gazed,
His wonder grew
That one small head
Held all she knew.*

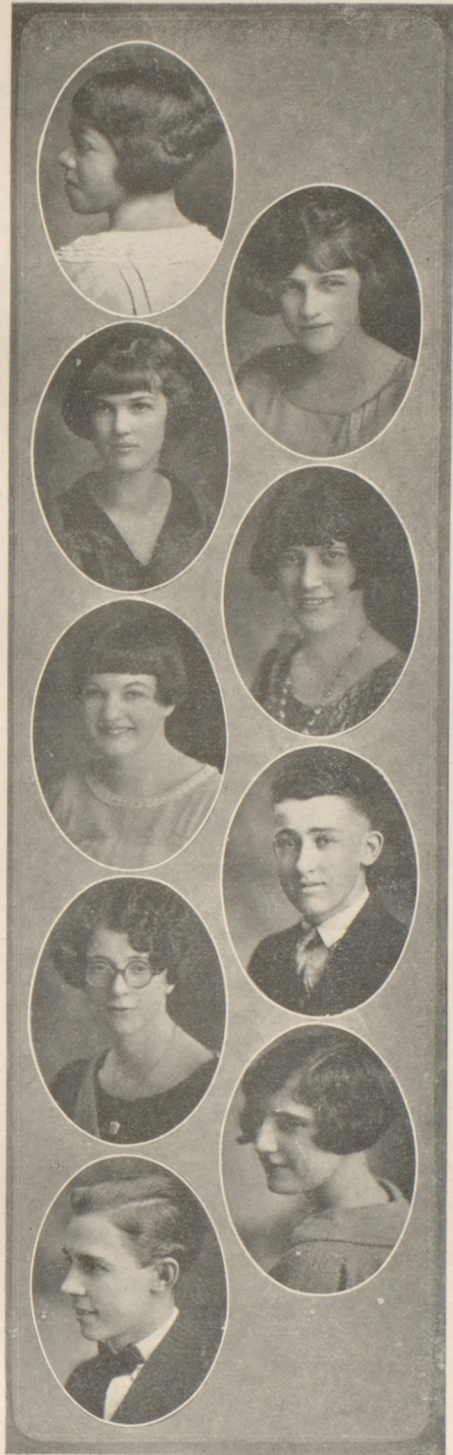
Organizations—Junior Chamber of Commerce
'21; Spanish Club '23; French Club '22;
Dramatic Club '22-'23; Glee Club '21;
Shakespearean Club '23; "Twilight Alley."

RALPH NICHOLS

"Nick"

*His life is gentle and the elements
So mixed in him, that nature might
Stand up and say to all the world
This a man.*

Organizations—Junior Chamber of Commerce
'21; Hi-Y '23, '24; Shakespearean Club '23,
'24; Forensic Club '24; Spanish Club '24;
Quill '24; Chorus '24; "Erminie," Senior
Class President, August, '24 (Summer
School); Student Council '23, '24.





PROPHECY OF CLASS OF AUGUST, 1924

"Boil! pots, boil! Boil! pots, boil!" muttered the seeress as she stirred the cauldron before which some high school students sat.

"Beautiful futures to be foretold," continued the old woman.

The room seemed to grow darker, the droning of the prophetess more mysterious, the pot beginning to hiss and boil.

"Ah!" cried the woman as the flimsy vapor appeared. Then the vision appeared.

"Dwight Skidmore," began Vivian Fredrigel, "you must not flat that note when playing a saxophone. It is very disconcerting to me to have it brought out with such force."

"Why, my dear Miss Fredrigel, if you would only listen to the music for euphonious sounds instead of listening sharply for unprognosticated tunes, you would not have been so disconcerted. Our production must be successful and your voice is very much improved, although Doctor Baird did say that you should rest a little longer. I will try to get the pecuniary assistance. Surely Mr. Eugene Davidson, the famous impresario, will foster our new production when we tour Europe and America. If he does not, then we shall procure financial aid from Mr. Ralph Nichols, who certainly after making such a fortune from a radio static eradicator, will provide a few paltry dollars.

Then the picture disappeared in the blackness of the room as the vapor drifted and swirled, again faces and scenes were drawn in sheer whiteness out of the dark.

"My friends, I guarantee to you that my physical culture treatment, the Edward Braniff method, will remove excessive avoirdupois. Just look at my friend, Miss Jacobson. Before taking my treatment she weighed 150 pounds, today she is weighing 89 pounds. She feels as good as the day she left high school."

"Well! well! how are you, Miss Heinrichs?" asked Jessie Shane. "And what are you doing in New York?"

"I am in the Follies. What are you doing, Miss Shane?"

"I am a corporation lawyer for the J. P. Morgan Company."

"Why, Ruth Lewis, when did you get back from Paris? Of course you enjoyed your aerocruise across."

"Yes, very much, thank you. Guess whom I saw! When I went to London I found Carl Lindberg in command of our trans-oceanic air line. He is simply wonderful looking. He told me that Lone Luke is now ambassador to England. Think of it."

This picture also disappeared; then it was followed by another.

"Harold Seymour, 'Modiste,' broadcasting from Paris. I wish to inform the public that I am going to introduce the Mesdames Ford-Caspe evening gowns into my stock. Mademoiselle Olga Moore will be in charge of the tea tables and Mademoiselles Pauline Rabinowitz and Martha Crim will be in charge of the models and display so you will be assured of a very entertaining exhibition."

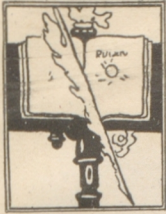
"Hello, Harold. I heard you broadcasting so I thought I would come in and see you."

"Good afternoon, Monsieur Hotchkiss. It is indeed delightful that you can take time from your newspaper in good old Iowa to visit 'Gay Paree.'"

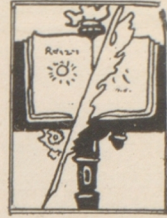
"Truth of the matter, Harold, is that I am only here to buy some old world curios. By the by, did you know Vivian Newman? I saw her a month ago in San Francisco. She is a well-known taxi driver. She certainly could drive when we went to school. Vivian told me that Mildred Christensen lives across the bay in Oakland.

The figures became indistinct as the vapor faded from the dying embers of the fire. The seeress sighed and the high school students one by one left the room.

Jessie Shane.



Editorial



ON LOOKING BACK AT THE FUTURE

No truer quotation ever became current than "The chain is no stronger than its weakest link." It appears, therefore, that the character and strength of each event in a series, called a Career, possesses an influence in the shaping of a life. When one understands early in life the vital importance of each act and increases the value of that knowledge by using it, a successful future may safely be predicted. You can be your own fortune-teller. With your past life and actions as your crystal, you can gaze therein and perceive your future.

It is in the future that results are viewed. Many times a task is finished only to be labeled useless for, search as you may, no result to justify the task can be seen. Yet as one grows old and successful, the result of the supposedly wasted effort may be found at last, glorified beyond measure and occupying the position of Foundation in that building you have so carefully wrought, Success.

Suppose, for instance, that you are on that upward road that leads to the Castle of Culmination of Hopes. Suppose, too, that on this rocky road you encounter two Tasks, and remove them from your path. You do this, let us say, because you believe in doing all things well. Having finished with the Tasks and left them, supposedly, as Memories lying on the road of Your Past you proceed on your way. I will venture, however, to assure you that as you approach your destination and your eyes are dazzled by the beauty of the castle's architecture, you will find to your astonishment that the two Tasks that you thought inanimate objects in Your Past have preceded you and now form the pillars that support the wonderful arched gateway.

That is why I say that if you would have more knowledge of your future, use your past as a mirror. If the deeds of the past be well executed you will see the image of years to come, distinct, clear, and pleasant to view. But if the past be full of flaws the image, you may be sure, will be dim and distorted.

Truly, the future is composed of past efforts.

THE QUILL

Every pupil of East High School, who believes that the morality, purity, and loyalty of the pupil is the basis of any good school, welcomes any movement that promises even partial or temporary relief from the conditions which threaten these standards, or, in other words, the perfectness of his school.

However, the average pupil looks with suspicion on almost every movement, for he thinks that these moves are led by those with wrong motives which result in a failure to correct the evil.

There is no real boy or girl within this school that does not take interest in every good movement. If any pupils are excluded from this interest they fail to be a real student of East High. The Quill puts us to a test. If we care only for ourselves, it reveals that. If we care for the whole school, it reveals that. If we are here for service and to build a school where good will shall prevail, the Quill gives us a chance to make this known. Think these things over and ask yourself which of them your school life suggests. Then, perhaps, to you will come the resolve to help to the limit of your ability under the present challenge.

Eugene Kuefner.



THE NEW STUDENT

This applies to that much-maligned class of newly-arrived students known as freshmen. Upon leaving the grades the graduate finds that he has been removed from a select circle of privileged characters and placed in a large herd of unknown and undistinguished individuals. In this state he may become the butt of several classic jests too well known to mention. He finds himself deluged by cards and slips of various shades and sizes. He fears to seek information lest he bring down upon himself the wrath of his superiors.

Being unable to look into the future, he does not see himself as an essential factor in the activities of the school and, unless he is of unusual caliber, he may become discouraged.

At this point it would be well if some friendly upper classman would make clear to him something concerning the life and regulations of the school. In this way the beginning days of school could be made easier for the freshman, and he would more quickly find himself and his place in the school.

Donald Douglass.

WHICH?

We have long been acquainted with the Pessimist and the Optimist. They are encountered in all walks of life. But the aggressiveness of the present generation has developed a new species—the Peptimist.

The story is told of a man who was stuck in the mud. His flivver was up to the hubs, stuck fast. As he surveyed his predicament, a car pulled up and stopped. The driver leaned out and said, "You're in there pretty bad, brother. You'll never be able to get out. You'd better get a team," and he drove off. He was a Pessimist.

Pretty soon another car came along and the man got out and looked at the car in the mud. Then he remarked, cheerfully, "Oh, that isn't bad, I've been in worse places than this and got out all right. You won't need any help." And he drove on. He was an Optimist.

A third man came up and the man hopped out and came over. After viewing the situation he said, "Guess you're in there, old timer, but not bad. Here, you push on this wheel and I'll push over here and we'll get out in no time." That man stayed till the car was out. He was a Peptimist.

Everyone dislikes the Pessimist. He is a detriment. He is continually "throwing cold water" and causing many to lose what they otherwise might gain by, "fearing to attempt."

The Optimist is all right. He is always cheerful and makes us feel that nothing is so bad as it might be. Wherever he goes the sun is always shining.

But say! let us all be Peptimists. The Peptimist jumps right in and starts things with a bang, and he's there all the time till it's finished. A Peptimist has the world by the tail! Let's go!

Eugene Griffith.

The above editorials were among the best entered in the Quill tryout contest held for the selection of new members for the staff. This method of choosing editors was inaugurated last spring with such good results that it was repeated this fall.



Literary



TO THE TEAM

Football, you know, is like the game of life,
And it is to reach the goal in spite of strife.
It's played on the field of every clime,
And you work to smash the toughest line.

When you know your side has the losing score
Can you smile and fight on, though bruised and sore?
Can you buck the line and meet the shock,
Do you still have the nerve to stand like a rock?

Son! How is the tackle and how do you work?
Have you got the "old fight" or would you shirk?
Are you holding your own or leading the bunch?
Have you still got your wind and a whole lot of punch?

Though opponents play dirty, dishonorable tricks
Play clean; but put in a few extra licks;
And your letter received for work you've done
Is the respect of the comrades—that's the prize you've won.

Elizabeth Lambe, '26.

THEIR VICTORY

The game was nearing its end after having been one of the most exciting games ever seen on a Dartmouth gridiron. Long black shadows had begun to cast themselves over the field on which, near one end by the Green and White goal posts, were gathered twenty-two tired players.

The game would drag itself to a rather prosaic ending. Thirty seconds to play and fourth down with seven yards to go. The Green quarterback barked out a signal; the fullback jumped into the line and Harry Wilson, kicker par excellent, left his position at tackle and walked back behind the line where he would lift a mighty spiral that would probably travel fifty or sixty yards, and the game would be over.

The big blonde walked back so slowly that one of the Scarlet and Black linemen growled out, "All right, Wilson. Don't stall for the whistle. You got a long time to play yet." The fullback who had taken Wilson's place in the line, smiled sweetly and said, "Take your time, Harry, this youngster thinks he can block your kick." As the fullback was in the midst of these words, and while Wilson still had his back turned, the ball was snapped to one of the Green backs close to the line. This player plunged forward, and then Carrol Woods, one of the greatest open field runners in the East, was loose with only three men between him and the goal posts. A mighty roar broke forth from the Green stands along with frantic cries of "Stop him!" from the other side. But three men ten yards apart could not always stop Woods, and he sped on. The score board read, "Dartmouth 7, Broadmore 3," and Broadmore College had lost its fifth consecutive game of the year.

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The Broadmore field house was a picture of despair. There was a young man who had not even begun to shed his uniform crying as though his heart would break. Over him stood another youngster, half undressed, his own voice choked with sobs, who tried to console his captain. "Never mind, Bob, it's tough, but we'll get Yale next week." Here and there a man could be seen taking off a piece of his uniform at a time, scowling fiercely at each piece and then throwing it from him as if he never wanted to see it again. Above all this rose the voice of the coach, "I can't figure it out. Here I got a good line, and a fast backfield, and yet we lose five games in a row by one touchdown. Next week is our last game. We gotta win that one."

On the campus were gathered some boys who were discussing the game. "There's only one thing wrong, we need a new coach, and I, for one, will do my bit towards getting one for Manhasset," said one young fellow. Tad Byron, a more conservative man, said, "No, let's wait till after the Yale game and if we lose that, then 'Pop' McEldridge, watch out." This suggestion seemed to satisfy everyone concerned, and they all adjourned till the next week.

Yale came down the following week with an uncrossed goal line, and ten of the eleven men who had started against Harvard and Princeton the year before. Broadmore fought hard and succeeded in crossing the Blue goal line, but was unable to break Yale's two-year winning streak, losing by a score of 14 to 7.

That was the final blow. On Tuesday after the Yale game a bunch of students came out to the field, sat in the stands and howled, "We wanna new coach!" "Pop" McEldridge, Broadmore's coach for two years, stopped and a drop of water fell from his eyes as he said, "My God, I never thought it would come to this." The players drove the students off the field and practice went on without interruption.

Captain Bob Johnson finished dressing and came out into the street. His brain was in a whirl. Never before in the history of the school had things been so critical as now. Bob was captain of a team that had had one of the most disastrous seasons a Broadmore team had ever experienced. After winning the first game of the season, the team had lost to the Army, Cornell, Penn State, Columbia, Dartmouth, and Yale on successive Saturdays and at no time by a margin greater than one touchdown. The students were up in arms and demanding the resignation of "Pop" McEldridge, the once beloved coach. Bob did not know what to do. Should he "string" with the students or the team? He was still debating this question when one of the boys approached him with "Come over to Hill's Hall after dinner. We're going to get you a new coach for the Manhasset game, and we think you should have something to say about it."

"I'll be there," spoke up Bob before he realized what he had said, and then went to his room walking on air.

The great auditorium in Hill's Hall was filled with men and boys, students and alumni. Three or four men were on the platform and each was taking his turn at denouncing the coach, and each was being roundly applauded by the excited crowd. One man got up and told of the great teams of Jack Norton who was within reach now if the students wanted him. Another told of Lester Wyatt's four-year regime during which he had beaten Manhasset every year. Each man arose and told of some great coach of his day and then Bob Johnson heard, "Now our present captain, Bob Johnson, will tell us how the team feels about it. Bob Johnson." Bob arose amid yells, whistles and hand clapping. He took a few steps forward and spoke.

People who heard Robert Johnson speak, talk about that speech today in voices stilled with awe. Those who hear a great speech always shake their heads and say, "Good, but say, did you ever hear the talk 'Bob' Johnson gave back in 19—?" How long Bob talked, or what he said he never knew. Most of the time he did not even hear himself. Once he heard himself saying, "You fellows forget that in spite of Jack

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Norton's team he lost to Cornell and Yale and could only tie Manhasset. Cornell beat the best team Wyatt ever did have and Bucknell, a small school, tied the same team. When Wyatt was coach Manhasset had four of the weakest teams in her history and yet never lost to us by more than three touchdowns when everybody else was beating her by thirty or forty points." Again he found himself saying, "If it's just wins you want, I can name a lot of small teams we can beat and whom we'd better play. But personally, I'd rather lose six games to the teams that have beaten us this fall than win forty games from the teams I have in mind. Have we degenerated to where we count only wins? If we have, then football should be abolished in Broadmore." His closing statement was this, "I used to like to think that Broadmore was just a little bigger than the other schools, that she had just a little bit more school spirit and because of this I came here. Because of this 'Pop' McEldridge has stayed here and worked and been a father to the boys both off and on the gridiron. But now I don't know. I think you are worse than other schools. I think you are yellow curs and cowards who whimper under a beating and cry if you get your fingers pinched. There is nothing you can do this week to change my opinion of you, but your chance will come Saturday. We of the team are going out there and give all we have for the Scarlet and Black. Will you do your bit, or will you quit? You may give me your answer Saturday from the stands. Till then, farewell." And Bob left the house amid a silence like that of the tomb. He could not know that while he was up in his room crying his eyes out, the rafters of Hill's Hall were echoing and re-echoing his name.

It was a queer feeling Broadmore team that took the field that Saturday afternoon against Manhasset. The boys moved with the snap and dash that is to be found only in winning teams. And yet there was one question in each boy's mind, "Is the school back of us?" "Pop" McEldridge had sent his team on the field with these words:

"Boys, you know how the feeling is here among the students. You know that they want me to get out and, though I am heartbroken over their attitude, I shall do so. I want you boys to be men and play your end of the game fair and square even if the rest of them can't. I want you to go out there and give all you have, not for the Broadmore that is, but for the Broadmore that used to be; her wonderful old traditions and ideals for which she has stood these many years. Four of you are playing your last game, and that makes five of us who would like to see our last college game a victory." And the boys had gone out with set jaws, hard eyes, and a resolve to do or die for dear old "Pop."

The game that day was remarkable in many ways. One sports writer called it, "The greatest game of the year, rivalling even that great Princeton-Chicago battle of a few years ago." Powerful, crashing line plunges mixed with brilliant forward passes and spectacular catches, while there were at the same time flashing end runs and scintillating bits of open-field running to heighten the interest and quicken the blood. Manhasset scored a field goal when Bob Johnson, his brain perplexed and harried by many worries, let a punt slip through his fingers which was pounced upon by a fleet-footed Manhasset end. Broadmore scored through Tobey Winters' fifty-yard place kick and the score at the end of the third quarter was Manhasset 7, Broadmore 3.

The most remarkable thing of this game was the apparent lack of interest in the Broadmore stands. All day cheers, yells and songs, led by a red-haired cheer leader, had risen from the Blue and White side of the stadium, while in direct contrast to this, beyond a few cheers and yells from a few excited alumni or town people, the Broadmore section had taken the events in stoic silence.

In the fourth quarter Broadmore got a chance to score and Floyd Jackson pulled a pass out of the air and ran twenty yards for a touchdown. The score was then 10 to 7 in Broadmore's favor. Stung by this score, Manhasset unleashed a fearful attack which drove all before it and marched eighty yards for a touchdown, which they made from

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the one-foot line after being held three times in this spot. About two minutes or less remained to play as the teams lined up for the kick-off. The Broadmore boys were mad with desperation. "Why in blazes don't that gang cheer for us, or do something?" asked Jackson. "Never mind, Jack, we'll get this kick-off and make this touchdown. We'll win in spite of 'em," growled Bob.

The kick-off seemed to give Broadmore a new lease on life. From their twenty-yard line the Scarlet and Black team swept; three yards, five yards, eight yards, the boys went in an irresistible march until the Manhasset twenty-seven yard line was reached. A tall Blue and White sub came racing across the field. "Right end out," barked the referee and the Manhasset right end trotted off to the sidelines. The teams lined up. "24, 99—" "All right, boys, let's stop 'em!" "Tweet" and the referee took the ball. "Substitute talking" and he peeled off fifteen yards, putting the ball on the Blue and White seven-yard line.

The Broadmore rooters, unable to restrain themselves any longer, rose to their feet as one man, chanting, "We want a touchdown, we want a touchdown!" "Come on, fellows, they're for us! Let's put this thing over." Jackson, the human battering ram, crashed and whirled into the line, and was brought to a halt barely three inches from the last white line. The players hurried to line up for the final plunge. Both sides set themselves, and then—crack! the timekeeper's gun, announcing the end of the game, sounded. Both teams were stunned for a moment by this sudden removal of the high tension, and then the air was filled with white head gears, while the Broadmore team dragged itself off the field, battered and tired.

Monday morning there was the usual chapel and the dean told of the football game as he saw it and then announced. "The president of the student council wishes to speak." Tad Byron mounted the platform. "We would like to have our coach come up." Pop Eldridge climbed the stairs to the platform. He looked ten years older and walked as if he carried the weight of the world on his broad shoulders. Byron stepped aside, pulling a curtain as he did so. There was a huge enlarged photograph of the team with these words painted under it: "To our coach and our team, the fellows who don't know when they are licked." Pop was stunned and slumped down weakly in a chair while the great hall rang with cheers and yells. Someone motioned for Bob Johnson and he went forward. From behind the stage came a short, bow-legged powerfully built dog. The old English bulldog, living emblem of the unquenchable courage. Straight to Bob he went and as Bob kneeled to pet the dog he saw on its collar a wonderful tribute to Bob. There engraved on the name plate were the words, "Bob Johnson." Everybody was happy, and perhaps even the dog wondered why, even though Bob and Pop smiled, and their eyes shone with a joyful light, their faces were wet with tears.

A STUDENT'S TEN COMMANDMENTS

1. Thou shalt have nothing but lessons before thee; for the teacher will surely find thee out.
2. Thou shalt not take the names of thy teachers in vain.
3. Remember thy school nights to keep them for studies only.
4. Honor thy teachers and thy school that thy days may not be long in this institution of learning.
5. Thou shalt not cram.
6. Thou shalt not chew gum in thy classrooms.
7. Thou shalt not carry lipsticks, compacts, tennis racquets, ink bottles, or any other trash in thy English book.
8. Thou shalt not betray thy neighbor's lack of preparation on the lesson.
9. Thou shalt not copy thy neighbor's lessons.
10. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's compact, nor her comb, nor her lip stick, nor any cosmetics of thy neighbor.

Marjorie Gustafson, '26.



THE BOOK NOOK

Perhaps few of you know that in the Public Library are several shelves of books way back in one side of the room away from the "Seven Day Books" and the thrillers. Few of you have ventured near these shelves, and if you have been so adventuresome, you have gazed disdainfully at the titles or glanced casually at the entire set of shelves and then quickly hurried away to another part of the room where you picked out a stirring red-blooded novel of the open spaces by Harold Bell Wright, or a gripping tale of romance by A. M. S. H. Hutchinson.

The few of you who have had the courage to pick a book from one of the shelves labeled 809, might have picked up "Adventures of a Nature Guide," a modest green-bound book by a man named Mills. And if you had had the courage to take the book home to read it, you would have wondered how you could ever have missed such an entertaining book as that! Mr. Mills wrote this story of his adventures as a Nature Guide in the Rocky Mountains and through the surrounding country. Perhaps you are thinking that it is just another stupid book on mountains, but did you ever meet a bear? Mr. Mills met one once and, to take his word for it, once was enough.

You might have picked up the little book entitled, "Where Rolls the Oregon," and charmed by the numerous camera illustrations of the various birds and flowers which are found where the Oregon rolls, you took that book out to read. Perhaps you were interested in Mr. Sharp's description of the birds which live in the rushes and how they build their nests. Perhaps you most enjoyed his description of his trip to the top of Mt. Hood, and the night he spent on a windy ledge of the rocks just off the coast. Did you not enjoy his descriptions of the butterflies at play on Mt. Hood? How they would fly against the wind current to be swept down into the lower valley, and then work their way up again that they might be carried down by the wind.

If you missed these two books, did you not pick out "Western Hoboes," the story of how two girls went West in a rickety Ford? Take an adventurous day off sometime, and explore the Public Library, form the habit of exploring new books, adventure and nature books. You can have a vacation every week!

M. L. M., '24.

A MODERN FIRE WORSHIPER SPEAKS

In autumn when the air is crisp,
The yellow harvest moon hangs low,
I like to watch the bonfires burn,
While flickering shadows come and go.

Against the darkened star-lit sky
Blaze wonder temples, built of fire;
There stands a Buddha's resting place,
And there a church's tapering spire.

A band of joyous gypsy folk
Come dancing round about,
And as the flames still higher shoot,
Some children laugh and shout.

There's magic in the hissing flame
And beauty in the blazing light,
Which gives a touch of glory to
The fire burning in the night.

M. L. M., '24.



FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH

I never have been very superstitious about walking under a ladder, having a black cat cross in front of me, finding a pin but not bothering to pick it up, or Friday the thirteenth. However, I almost changed my ideas on the subject last Friday the thirteenth, until I had recovered enough to realize that luck had been with me, for I was still alive, and in one piece.

To begin this bright June day, I missed, on the street car, the girl with whom I was to play golf. But about two hours later, we arrived at the scene of action. When we got around to the lake hole, I selected with care the oldest ball in my bag. As luck would have it the ball went, for a change, clear across the hazard. But like the absent-minded professor, I went off without my best ball.

Although I lost four balls that morning, I left the grounds feeling much the better for the game, as I had improved my score.

By the time I was ready to go riding that evening, I was in unusually good spirits. Fearing that perhaps my horse would not go fast enough to keep up with the rest, I took along a pin.

The first piece of bad news confronted me on my arrival, for I was told that there would be no more riding, at least until next fall. To make matters worse, I learned that Number Thirteen would be the unlucky horse, as mine had been taken to the fort. As this horse had kicked some of its fellow mates in the shins, and had gently pushed a dog through a fence into a cornfield, I started out feeling very much like the rider of a bucking broncho or like Ichabod Crane when first he sat on his famous steed.

My friend and I brought up the rear, which made it very convenient to lag behind to tighten our saddles or adjust our stirrups. My pin proved very beneficial in speeding up our return to the rest of the class. Our saddles must have had St. Vitus for we found we were dropping behind to regulate them so often that we had to gallop to catch up again.

The instructor was feeling either extraordinarily good or too disgusted to speak, for he remained, for the most part, well to the front, until finally he called out quite reprovingly, "Number Two! Number Thirteen! You will have to stay with the class." Our horses, or saddles, which ever was responsible, recovered almost suspiciously soon.

Just then we came in view of the metropolis of Huxley, and, as most of the members of the party were very hungry, we decided to stop there to get something to eat. So, when we started back, most of them wanted to take it slowly, which made it decidedly dull for us. However, it was not long before we found some excitement. We began by first taking our feet from the stirrups; leaning as far to one side as we dared; pushing ourselves almost entirely behind the saddle, and crossing our feet around our horse's neck. Last, but not least, we swung straight around in the saddle just as we heard the fatal word "Gallop!" I was far the luckier of the two, for my feet reached their place in time. The other horse had galloped on, forcing its rider to jump.

By this time we were nearly home. Feeling that my pin had not been exercised enough, I violently thrust it in my horse. Had it not been Friday the thirteenth, or Number Thirteen I was riding, the accident might have been avoided, but I was already up in the air, physically, not mentally, and awkwardly thrust in the path of an oncoming train.

While I lay there marveling at the millions of stars all about me, the train drew to a stop just six yards behind me to fill up with water.

For several mornings, you may be sure, I could enjoy my breakfast more while standing.

Eleanor Cosson, '26.



HARRY IN THE GAME

The great football game between West High and East High was on. The East backfield could do very little, while the West team gained on every play. Harry, who had usually taken tickets, was in a uniform and anxious to play. The story is not told by the author himself, but in the person of a frenzied spectator who became artistic enough to express the game in poetical form.

(With apologies to "Horatius at the Gate")
But the coach's heart was sad,
And the coach's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the scrubs,
And darkly at the foe.
"Their quarter will be upon us
Before our line goes down;
If we cannot stop them,
How can we face the town?"

Then out spoke our brave Harry,
The captain of the gate:
"I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe till late.
In yon broad field, that husky squad
Will never stop us three;
Now, who will stand on either hand,
And save the game with me?"

Then out spoke dauntless Ivor,
A Dutchman proud was he;
Not a second later up spoke Fred,
To the Irish belonged he:
"We will abide on either side,
And save the game with thee."
"Harry," then quoth the coach,
"As thou says't, so let it be."

The three watched, calm and silent;
As the ball was thrown for a pass
Harry leaped for the pigskin,
And caught it just above the grass.
With ball in hand he rose,
Toward the enemy goal he sped.
A touchdown he must score,
To fill the foe with dread.

With perfect blocking, on he sped;
Fred hit one to the ground beneath.
Ivor bumped one with his head
And received two broken teeth,
But fiercely tackled the West men,
Now, tired from evading foes,
Our brave Harry nearly fell,
But still again he rose.



And now he sees the goal;
And now over it he stands;
Now round him gather his team-mates
To press his tired hands;
And with shouts and clapping,
And noise of cheering loud,
He passes out through the crowded gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

Prospero Tamasi, '25.

THE FIREPLACE

The flames in the fireplace leap high,
Flinging their grotesque caresses to the sky;
The chestnuts on the brick hearth sputter,
While the creaking trees ominously moan and mutter;
The herbs above the fireplace rustle
As the winds around the corners whirl and bustle;
The bayberry candles flicker high,
Casting frightful shadows on the wall near by;
Thus looks the fireplace at night
When I gaze at the bewildering dancing light.

Helen Ryan, '25.

SILENT TALKERS

There are many types of talker—so many in fact that it is really difficult to choose the one type which appeals most to you.

There are some people who are just interesting talkers, nothing more, nothing less, who know not only what they are talking about, but also how to put their knowledge over to their hearers. There are others who have just as much and often even more knowledge to offer than the interesting talker, but who just haven't the oratorical ability to make it possible for others to share their knowledge.

In contrast to the latter type of expositor are the persons who, often knowing but a few facts on a subject, can lead their audience into trains of thought figuratively miles from where they are.

Another type of talker includes the very few people who, almost regardless of what their subject might be, are able to make a group fairly rock with mirth by the very flavor which they unconsciously blend into their phrasing.

However, in spite of the respective values of these and the many, many, unmentioned types of talker, there is one particular type which has rather an appalling fascination for me—that type is the silent talker.

If you have never been fortunate enough to have a silent talker for a friend or acquaintance, then you have missed one of the most interesting novelties in life. Perhaps you are not even blessed enough to recognize this type when the opportunity presents itself. The person who speaks but little with his voice; the seemingly gruff individual who fails to make loud ejaculations when you've done something that you know deserves some word of approval; the mysterious character who doesn't seem to enjoy an especially planned surprise is quite often a most eloquent silent talker. Just watch the silent person's eyes; ah, how they sing out genuine appreciation or pleasure; How they try to encourage when failure looms near by! How they do express their possessor's every emotion! Yes, watch the eyes—the dictaphone of the potential silent talker!



BIRTH OF A POEM

A flaming sun,
Some wee, soft clouds,
A silver moon out-shone.
A pearl of dew,
Notes of a bird,
And a prayer of joy.

A laughing stream
O'er pebbles white.
A cup of perfume
From God's own heaven.
A song of bees
With that of trees and—
A poet's dream is born.

Rosabelle Houston, '26.

THE ENGLISH 6 BLUES

English 6, it bothers me,
I cannot seem to get it;
I study Woolley frequently
And frequently forget it.

To punctuate I try and try
To learn what, when, and where,
But when the teacher looks at it,
She finds no marks are there.

The comma-period fault I find
Comes popping up and then—
I set myself to cure it,
But soon it's back again.

This punctuation certainly
Gives me an awful fright;
The only cure that I can see
For me is not to write.

Stewart Berkey, '26.

AUTUMN

A splash of color from Nature's brush.
A thrush's sweet note—then the woodland hush.
A little leaf slips down to the Earth
While the South Wind gives a mournful song birth.
—And the world of men goes on.

I hope when my autumn comes to me, I, like the little leaf,
May slip from the Tree of Life.
And lie on Earth's sleeping bosom, free from worry and strife
—While the world of men goes on and on.

Rosabelle Houston, '26.



OUR DUTY TO THE QUILL

One half score and five years ago our fathers brought forth into East Des Moines a new school, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all students should be educated equally.

Now we are engaged in a great conflict testing whether the Quill, one of the things that has kept this school together as a body, can long be published.

We are now met on a portion of that field upon which those students who started the Quill trod. Therefore it is fitting and proper that we should do all in our power to make this Quill live. We cannot do any too much for this publication. Our alumni, as students, have developed this magazine far above our poor power to add or detract. The students who come after us will little note nor long remember what we say here, but they cannot forget what those who started the Quill did here. It is for us, the present students, rather to start here at the work of making the Quill better than it has ever been before. It is rather for us to do this work with the famous East High School spirit, that from those students who gave us such a wonderful publication we take increased devotion to the cause for which they gave their full measure of devotion. That we here highly resolve that those students should not have toiled in vain, and that this Quill of the students, by the students, and for the students, shall not perish from East High.

Mose Waldinger, '26.

DE LIL' OL' OWL

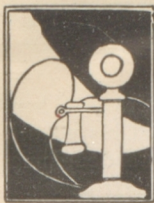
De lil' ol' owl in de awchird say,
W'en de baby stahs come out to play,
He say "Who-who! Who-who!"
An' I talk back to him dis way;

I say, "Who-who am you?"
De lil' ol' owl up in de tree
He blink he eye an' say to me,
He just woke up and he can't see,
An' so he ax, "Who-who?"

De lil' ol' owl he sleep all day,
An' just at da'k wake up and say
"Who-who! Who-who! Who-who!"
He want to scare de folks away,
An' den de mice'll come an' play,
He cotch 'em quick an' nevah say
To dem, "Who-who! Who-who!"

De lil' ol' owl he woll his eyes
An' twy to make you tink he wise,
An' when he say, "Who-who,"
You say he know a whole lot mo'
If he unlock his ol' mouf-do,
But he keep wise jes as befo'
An' say, "Who-who! Who-who!"

Donald L. Secor, '25.



What's Doing



DALLAS LORE SHARP SPEAKS

Members of the upper English classes were guests of the Shakespearean Club of East High on Friday, October 3d, to share in the privilege of hearing the essayist, Dallas Lore Sharp. Dr. Sharp talked on the subject, "What Is An Education?" He answered this question by telling his audience of the five days in his life which had the most profound influence on his education. The five days were: a day of possession, a day of adventure, a day of wonder, a day of power, and lastly, a day of humility.

The students noticed the fact that his teachers played a very influential part in his life. In many of the incidents he told us they seemed to give him the inspiration and the determination to do greater things.

Many of his audience had never before heard an author speak and were expecting a formal and dignified speech. Instead, they heard an informal talk, and went away deeply impressed with his simplicity and spirit of friendliness.



CLEVER QUILL ASSEMBLY

The special feature of this week of East High was the assembly presented by the members of the Quill staff. The plans for the assembly were made by the staff's editor-in-chief, Harry Hartwick, and had for its initial purpose to impress upon the student body the real necessity of subscribing to the school's magazine.

The first scent of the assembly was laid in a study hall. Josephine McCauley, former What's Doing editor of the Quill, acted as the teacher, while members of both the old and new staffs cleverly imitated the actions of a restless study hall group.

James McGrevey, circulation manager of the staff, entered the study hall and made several announcements to the stu-

dents concerning this year's publications of the Quill. He was later assisted by Craig McKee, business manager, in taking the subscriptions of the study hall group.

While the boys were doing this, a boy in the group having become bored, drifted off to sleep. During his sleep the visions of Quill Past, in the person of Clark Baridon, former editor; Quill Present, in the person of Harry Hartwick, present editor, who introduced the members of the present staff, and Quill Future, in the person of Ernest Porter, present associate editor, appeared and spoke respectively of the work done, being done, and to be done by the Quill staffs.

At the end of the dream the uninterested boy rose sleepily from his desk, decided that he could not do without the school paper, and shaking himself, rushed out after the circulation manager who had just left.

The assembly was thoroughly appreciated by the student body as a whole and the staff truly believes that its purpose in giving the assembly will be realized in the Quill subscription drive which will be started in the very near future.



"PEP" MEETINGS

THE SEASON OPENS

Des Moines high schools are distinctive for their joint assemblies during the football season. On Friday, October 10th, a pep assembly at East was called with the hope of sending the team to victory when they met Sioux City on the following day. The four yell leaders came out in new uniforms of white, with red and black letters and stripes, and worked up a lot of pep for the coming game. The East High Orchestra played several selections and showed off to a good advantage before the visitors.



The principals of the high schools were on the platform to tell the East High students of the good feeling between schools. Mr. Steeper of West High spoke on the equality in athletics. He assured the students that his school was behind them in their activities. Mr. Cook, principal of the other west side school "just this side of Omaha" was pleased with the good spirit between schools and pledged to us Roosevelt's backing. Mr. Allen represented North and Washington Irving. He tickled the funny bone of East High students immensely and gave them encouragement. Mr. Grigsby, the Amos Hiatt neighbor, informed East High that 20 per cent of the present football squad came from his school. The captain of the team, Harry Lindbloom, although he would rather have played football all day, told us the opinions of the team. Mr. Studebaker honored East High in complimenting it on the "jointness" of spirit and filled the minds of the students with visions of a wonderful, all high school stadium of future time.



ROOSEVELT-EAST PEP ASSEMBLY

Before the Roosevelt-East pep assembly we were promised that it would last only twenty-three minutes. However, this fact did not diminish our enthusiasm any, and everyone made good use of those precious minutes.

When we came into the assembly room, the band made enough noise to fill everyone with the spirit of the meeting. Then our team came on the platform and only then did I realize why four leaders are necessary to direct our yells. Right in the midst of our interest, a Western Union boy hurried up on the platform and handed Craig McKee, our yell leader, several telegrams. When the messages were read they were found to be from members of former football teams, Harry O'Boyle, Lee Lindbloom, Bobby Grund, Archie Johnson, Dave Bolen, Herschel Lair and Lyle Newton, wishing us good luck and

victory in the coming city series. Then we yelled again, and the band played till someone suddenly discovered that our time was up and we went to our next classes.



FIRST P. T. A. PROGRAM

The Parent-Teacher Association of East High School opened its year Tuesday afternoon at the school. The speakers were O. G. Prichard on "Student Contributions," Miss Helen Pritchard on "Citizens in the Making," and Principal A. J. Burton on "Sensible Retrenchment."

The Girls' Glee Club sang "The Violet and the Rose" by Meyer and Helmund, and "The Thrush" by Thomas Music.

Officers of East High P. T. A. this year are: President, Mrs. Howard M. Jones; vice-president, Mrs. C. E. Hamborg; recording secretary, Mrs. R. W. Zuch; corresponding secretary, Mrs. George Garton; treasurer, Mrs. Frank Lightfoot.

Committee chairmen are: Mrs. Fred Nail, program; Mrs. W. A. Keith, welfare; Mrs. W. R. Novenger, membership; Mrs. John Shaw, social; Mrs. Robert Phillips, refreshment; Mrs. C. P. Bagg, finance; Mrs. Edward Patterson and Mrs. A. J. Burton, delegates to the Council with Mesdames G. H. Geisler and A. J. Burton, alternates.



P. T. A. DRIVE

The Student Council of East High School has just completed a campaign for memberships to the Parent-Teacher Association. To date 1,059 members have been secured. The Council is mailing a letter of thanks to each of these members inviting them to attend the regular meetings on the second Tuesday of each month at 2:30 p. m.

There are many parents who have not yet joined. Any who wish to join this association should see some student of East High School.

The following is the letter sent out by the president and secretary of the Student Council:



Des Moines, Iowa, Oct. 10, 1924.

Dear Parents and Friends: We, the Student Council of East High School, wish to thank you for your hearty response to our efforts to increase the membership of our Parent-Teacher Association. We have now surpassed all previous records. The membership to date is 1,059.

The regular meetings of this association are held at 2:30 p. m. on the second Tuesday of each month. However, there will be some evening meetings planned so that those who cannot attend afternoon meetings will be able to enjoy some of the programs. We wish to urge you to attend as often as you possibly can. Your interest in our school is an encouragement for us to do our best in preparing life's work.

At the first meeting next Tuesday, October 14th, the East High Girls' Glee Club will furnish the music. Mr. Burton, principal; Miss Pritchard, girls' adviser, and Mr. Prichard, vice-principal, will talk on "Citizens in the Making." After the program you will enjoy a social hour where you may meet other parents and the teachers of your children.

We wish to thank you again for your interest in East High.

Sincerely,
Gene Gray, President.
Rita Novinger, Secretary.



STUDENT COUNCIL ASSEMBLY

Election of home room representatives is always a thrilling procedure, because frequently the most popular one is not chosen. The most representative organization is always the Student Council. They represent us and we represent them.

The Student Council assembly is one to which we all look forward. So, on October 8th, when one was called, we were all delighted at the prospect of having the Student Council officers stand before us in all their glory, and "say their say."

After a short speech, Gene Gray, the president of the Council, introduced the officers: Van Robinson, vice-president; Rita Novinger, secretary-treasurer. Then

came the committee heads: Finance, Don Burnett; public safety, Ernest Porter; public entertainment, Minnette Patterson; athletics, Fred Sheets; building and grounds, Marcus Clifton, and Red Cross, Sherman Green.

After the introductions, Ione McGilver favored us by whistling several selections and Marjorie Gustafson gave us a piano solo.



DR. TRALLE SPEAKS

Tuesday, October 1st, at 9:20, the second assembly of the year was held in East High. Mr. Cornell, executive secretary of Polk County Sunday School Association, introduced Dr. Henry E. Tralle of Columbia University as the principal speaker of the morning. Dr. Tralle told us that he entered college with \$3.85 in money. He had, however, assets of \$1,000 in brains, \$10,000 in stick-to-it-iveness, and \$1,000,000 in friends. With these he won his doctor's degree.

He said that students seldom realize how much they owe to their teachers, until they have left school. Then it is usually too late to express their appreciation. We should think about this.

Dr. Tralle demonstrated, citing his own experiences, that he who strives will succeed, for others will help him. The students surely enjoyed the doctor's address, not only because of the lesson it conveyed, but also on account of the pleasant humor it contained.



EAST HIGH LIFE-SAVERS

For many weeks last spring, the swimming pool was a scene of great labor. There were many girls in the life saving class and all were working hard developing strokes, breaking death grips and carrying drowned persons for long distances. Finally the day for the test came. The candidates were frightened and happy in turns. However, all passed with high scores and received the Life Saving Em-

blem at the Commencement assembly, June, 1924.

The following girls received senior emblems: Glenis Miller, Irene Densmore, Charlotte Hollenbeck.

The following girls received junior emblems: Louise Berner, Helen Carberry, Eleanor Cosson, Mildred Field, Frances Goldenson, Wilma Helstrom, Louise McCaughan, Gretchen Moline, Louise Patterson, Edith Soppeland, Janet Thompson, Helen Venn.

FACULTY NOTES

NINE NEW TEACHERS THIS YEAR

There are nine new teachers at East High this year.

Mr. Perry, a new member of the commercial department, comes to East High from New Hampton, Iowa. His home is in Illinois, where he attended the Illinois State Teachers' College. During the war he worked in Washington, D. C., doing war service work. Right now Mr. Perry's favorite sport is studying "Quill" finances, as he is the new faculty member of the business staff of the Quill.

Mr. Rowe, after an absence of three years, is back in East High again. His home is in Madison, Wis., but he is not new in Des Moines, for he has been teaching at North High, Des Moines Catholic College and Des Moines University. He is with the science department here and likes to work with high school students.

East High gained by Roosevelt's loss when Miss Hawley was transferred to East High. Before going to Roosevelt, Miss Hawley was a member of the commercial department at Drake. Her favorite sport is horseback riding. Miss Hawley likes East High and East High likes her.

Mr. McCullough graduated from Iowa Wesleyan and did postgraduate work at the University of Iowa. However, last year he says that he merely worked.

Mrs. Maffit, our new gymnasium teacher, took her training at Columbia Normal at Chicago. Two years ago she was at East High during Miss Curtis' absence, but was transferred to North. We are glad to have her with us again.

Mrs. McAvoy, who is a Drake graduate, came here from West High. She says that she enjoys our school spirit, faculty, and pupils.

Miss Wetzstein, the new home economics teacher of East High, is pleasant and a likable addition to our faculty. This is her fourth year as teacher in Des Moines, but her first in East High. Last year she was a supply teacher and so was not in any one school. She enjoys being with the girls in home economics and the girls have shown that they also enjoy having her.

"I've never seen such a bunch of gentlemanly boys in all my life."

So says Mr. Williams, East High's new physical director and tennis coach. Mr. Williams was physical director and athletic coach at Boone for the past four years and is now taking the place of Mr. Dubridge, who left East High last year.

"What I would like to do is make the boys like their gym and not abhor it," he replied when asked what his aim was. His spirit is catching hold of the boys and already they think he is a dandy fellow.

Miss Cavanaugh, our new librarian, is a graduate of the University of Wisconsin. Her home is in Madison, Wis. Her hobby, since coming to East High, is attending football games. Along with football, she counts pep assemblies as "next best." East High hopes that Miss Cavanaugh will enjoy all the coming East High activities as she does football.

TEN FORMER INSTRUCTORS OF HIGH SCHOOL LEAVE CITY

The following teachers are gone but not forgotten, from East High:

Mrs. Gose, who married a Simpson College professor, a little over a year ago, is keeping house in their new home at Indianola.



Mr. Sterner sends the following word: "I have finished two courses on a 'Masters' at New York University and am now working for a growing firm of accountants doing big jobs. Existed for two months in a New York apartment, but am now a full-fledged commuter from Mount Vernon."

Miss Snook was married to Dr. Earl Harris soon after school was out and they went to California on a honeymoon. They are now living in Chicago.

Mr. Francis is attending Knox College.

Mr. Sublette is attending the University of Michigan.

Miss Curtis is teaching in the State Normal School at Terre Haute, Ind. She sent word that she likes her work, but is lonesome for East High.

Mrs. Howry is taking office practice at Drake.

Miss Kite is employed in the office at Des Moines University.

Miss Ullrich is studying in Spain. She spent the summer at an English teachers' school at Alicante. She is "just" traveling at the present time.

Miss Audrine Patterson is taking a missionary course at a Chicago college.



SENIOR "MIXER"

On the evening of October 10th, a host of eager East High seniors gathered on the third floor of East High for their first party, the senior mixer. It certainly was a mixed-up party, and although the program could not be carried out as planned, every one had a jolly time.

The hall in which the affair was held was decorated charmingly. Colorful autumn leaves enveloped the electric lights and an imitation fireplace made of bark stood against one wall.

Soon after their arrival the seniors were all given a small blank booklet in which they were to get the autographs of those present.

The "mixer" had been in progress only about forty-five minutes when, without the slightest warning, the lights went off.

For almost an hour the room was in total darkness. During the time the room was clothed in the sable robe everyone gathered about the piano and sang everything from the school song to "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More."

Finally the janitor informed the merry-makers that the main fuse had blown out and that he was unable to fix it. In a short time some large candles were brought upstairs, and the party gaily progressed under the twinkling beams of candle light. Twice the Virginia Reel was fairly "reeled off," and several fox trots kept the seniors in high spirits.

Pineapple sherbet, spiced chop cakes and candy were served for refreshments.



EAST HI-Y HOLDS JOINT BANQUET

Wednesday evening, November 29th, will long be remembered by the members of the Hi-Y and Y. W. at East High because of the wonderful spirit of fellowship and the wholesome expression of Christian ideals shown at their joint banquet.

Ernest Porter, of the boys' Hi-Y, received much applause when he arose and toasted the girls, but when Edna Pearson, of the Y. W., got through toasting the boys, the applause was ear-splitting. The sincerity of these two young people was evident both in their manner and in the subject matter of their talks.

The members then listened to one of the most forceful and inspirational talks ever given in East High School. The speaker was none other than our own Miss Pritchard. She held the mind and spirit of every person throughout her speech. Then, as Mr. Prichard took the floor, and while everyone was in a serious frame of mind, the students heard a talk which even rivaled that of Miss Pritchard. These interesting addresses were made even more pleasant and enjoyable by the addition of several musical numbers.

Because of the wonderful program sponsored by John Hoff, chairman of the Hi-Y

entertainment committee, each and every person enjoyed himself, and left with a feeling of fellowship and co-operation which never before had been experienced.



STAR GAZING

On the night of Thursday, September 4th, several members of the Physics classes met Mr. Peterson in his back yard and were taken by him via the telescope to three or four of the celestial bodies. The moon, our nearest neighbor, was seen most clearly. Although she is some two hundred and forty thousand miles away, her huge craters were plainly visible. Since some of these are five hundred miles across, this is not so surprising.

Four of Jupiter's moons could be seen by all of us, and those whose eyesight was especially keen could distinguish the bands which girdle the great planet. Although Mars is comparatively close, he is so small that even the sharpest-eyed could see only a tiny disk with a white spot at the top. This was one of the polar snow-caps.

When the lens was turned on the bright star which forms the middle of the handle of the Big Dipper, the star became two. They are so close, stellarly speaking, that they appear as one to the naked eye.

This experience, which was a novel one to some of us, made us realize what the power of the Mount Wilson and the Yerkes telescopes must be, if a three-inch instrument can give such results.



EAST BOASTS HONOR PUPILS

With the crowded conditions now existing in East High, it is no easy matter to maintain a high scholarship standard. But upon taking a review of last semester's grades, many students were found to have high averages.

Donald Douglas, an active member of the Quill staff and several clubs, had five ones.

Those having four ones are:

Harold Baker, Leola Broquist, Amanda Burger, Grace Carper, Mary M. Caspe, Dorothy Friedeman, Robert C. Goodrich, Marion E. Larson, Thelma Lewis, Craig McKee, Irma May, Edward Paterson, Rose Press, Frank Shames and Myer Sutton.

Those having three ones are:

Leslie Baridon, Francis Blakely, Carroll Bryan, Eleanor Burton, Mildred J. Child, Anna Cohen, Mildred Caughlin, Carmelita Dailey, Josie Darnes, Margaret Diehl, Doris Fiesel, Ruth Foster, Elizabeth French, Gerald Garwood, Bernice Goldsmith, Harry Hartwick, Rosabelle Houston, Lucile Hovie, Leone Kaiser, Matie Kaplan, Martha Kling, Ruth Laissezaux, Katherine Patterson, Holbrook Morrison, Willa Pedel, Helen Quinn, Eloise Remington, Vera Rhone.



Y. W. C. A. FREINDSHIP TEA

East High has no lonely girls. The Y. W. C. A. saw to that at their annual friendship tea held September 15th on the third floor. All girls, whether members of the "Y" or not, were invited. Upon their arrival they were administered large doses of friendship and East High spirit. Such a cordial feeling was in the atmosphere that everybody made many acquaintances which will develop into real friendships.

After calling the meeting to order, Rita Novinger, past president, introduced the new president, Edna Pearson, who welcomed every girl and asked her to become a "Y" member. Next Edna introduced Miss Wells, the new "Y" secretary, who spoke on "What the 'Y' Means to Me." Every girl joined in a short "sing." This was great fun and strengthened the feeling of comradeship. As it neared the close of the period, hot chocolate and wafers were served by the social committee.

Judging from the attendance, testimonies, and fun which everyone had, the friendship tea was a great success. Here's hoping the whole "Y" year will be as interesting and happy as the first meeting.

The Quill

DR. CURE-ALL

Cast

Evelyn Walker.....	Doctor
Marjorie Williams.....	Nurse
Dorothy Sargent.....	Who wanted blonde hair
Helen Williams.....	Shy girl
Vera McCoy.....	Mother of shy girl
Dorothy Lozier.....	Who wanted to be fat
Jean Hoff.....	Widow, who wanted a husband
Sara Thomas.....	Cakeater
Bernice Reynolds.....	Director
Eva Houk.....	Property Manager

The Camp Fire Club of East High entertained the student body during the fifth and sixth periods Wednesday, October 29th, with a peppy and very interesting play, Dr. Cure-All.

In the title is found the keynote of the whole play; Dr. Cure-All admitted patients who asked for numerous things, from blonde hair to a husband. For seven dollars the doctor promised wonderful results and gave each patient a bottle of liquid guaranteed to produce the exact thing wished for.

A month later the doctor reaped the results of his fake promises, causing disaster to all his patients. Each one threatened the courts in her revenge because the one who wanted blonde hair was immediately blessed with gray locks, the shy girl became rude and unmanageable, the thin lady became very large and—the widow did not find a husband. The doctor wor-

ried the most over the latter case, then, upon the advice of his nurse, offered himself. After she had accepted they left the country and his angry patients.



EAST-NORTH PEP ASSEMBLY

The East-North pep assembly, called October 31st, consisted of a program which came over a large radio on a desk on the stage. First, however, the entire assembly was led in some yells and then Mr. Astor tuned in. The program consisted of a band number played at the Iowa State Teachers' College, a speech from Washington, D. C., by President Coolidge, and a vocal solo from WHO, local broadcasting station. There was also a speech by Mr. Van Liew, former East High student and teacher, and present football coach at Knox College, Illinois, who recalled some former North-East games and wished us victory in this year's city series. Then we tried some more yells and marched to our classes to the music of a march over radio. Mr. Astor is to be congratulated on his manipulation of the radio set, for he tuned in Room 113 so quickly and well.

The following people deserve the credit for such a unique and interesting assembly: Mr. Astor and Mr. Peterson of the faculty and the following students: Jack Duncan, Joe Ed Hollis, Craig McKee and Min-



CLIPPINGS

Develop your push and your pull will take care of itself.

It is all right to be sorry for something if it is not yourself.

Money speaks (so does the red ink on report cards).

Beware of small expense; a small leak will sink a great ship.

A brick never stops to reason.

Don't be a quitter. Fate never beat a fighter yet.

The man who is always looking for a soft spot can generally find it right under his hat.

Explanation and apologies may be all right in their time and place, but how much better it is to so conduct oneself that neither are necessary.



OTHER LANDS AS SEEN BY MISS GABRIEL

One of the members of our faculty was missed in our corridors last semester by a great many of our students; Miss Gabriel was visiting other lands than our America.

Our traveler had the advantage of spring, the very pleasantest season of the year, for her traveling. In Egypt (which, by the way, was the first place in Miss Gabriel's favor) the banks of the Nile were an undulating sheet of poppies. Common to all the countries was one red flower closely resembling our poppy, but it proved to be the greatly renowned Rose of Sharon.

The school students throughout Eurasia were generally of the same ages as here, wore practically the same styles of dress, and, as Miss Gabriel added, had among them their faddish "Sheiks" and "Shebas" very similar to ours.

According to report our Red Cross Christmas boxes were needed sadly. In Greece conditions were deplorable as the only possible result of its continued warring since the Balkan War of 1912-1913. In direct contrast with conditions in Greece were those in Italy where every vine in their lovely vineyards signified prosperity.

We should consider ourselves lucky to have our English teacher safely home again, because in Egypt she was not only the center of rather an unpleasant mob scene, but also had a decidedly hair-raising ride through the mountains. The Arabs evidently believe that the only reason the automobile was built is speed. Miss Gabriel with her companion was seated in the back seat of a Dodge car. The Arab chauffeur "stepped on it." Miss Gabriel watched the speedometer register 30-40-50-60-70-75, and with each increase in figure our good instructor rose higher from her seat, despite her knowledge that no Dodge car ever went 75 miles per hour. Finally she besought the dauntless driver to please slow down and learned that the Egyptian speedometer registered not mileage but kilometerage.

Miss Gabriel is tremendously wealthy in her experience, but she has been most generous in sharing her wealth with our students in numerous assemblies by telling of her almost uncountable sights and experiences.





Organizations



FORENSIC

Dear East High:

The Forensic Club got off to another good start this semester! Following the methods used in former years, of furthering the interest in literary work by debating and extemporaneous speaking, it is downing that old idea that high school life is just one boresome study after another.

Snappy programs and social entertainments are making the club bigger and better this year than ever before.

A large number of our members graduated last year and, for that reason, many new members have been taken in since the semester began. They all realize that it takes the combined efforts of everyone to make the club a success, and for that reason are already doing their best to better the standard set last semester.

The club is also very fortunate in having Mr. McCullough as their new faculty adviser, and feel very grateful to him for devoting so much of his time to the organization. With his help and the feeling of friendship and good will which prevails, the club expects to accomplish more this year than ever before.

The officers that have been elected are: Craig McKee, president; Walter Holstad, vice-president; David Phillips, secretary, and James McGrevey, treasurer.

Just watch our dust.

Sincerely yours,

The Forensic.

THE E EPI TAN

One evening early in September a group of boys assembled in Grand View Park. After a few games and contests they moved to a table and had supper. Experiences had during the summer vacations were told, jokes were cracked and laughter filled the air. A little squirrel in a tree overhead wondered what was going on. The E Epi Tan boys were having their first meeting of the school year. After supper they gathered about a camp fire, and by the light of the moon and camp fire the meeting was called to order by the president, Sherman Greene. As several new members were present, every one was introduced in turn, the officers coming first: Wilbur Pricer, vice-president; Leslie Baridon, secretary; and Robert Phillips, treasurer.

Then the aim of the club for this semester was explained by the president: to make better boys and greater men, to promote good sportsmanship and fellowship, and to be of greater service to the school through extemporaneous speeches, debates and literary work. Each member then expressed his views as to what club life meant to him. Mr. Lyman, the faculty adviser, gave a short talk and at an early hour the meeting adjourned, and the club was ready to work in earnest.

The little squirrel still wondered what it was all about.



SPANISH CLUB

At the final meeting of the Spanish Club last semester the following officers were elected: president, Willard Mabey; secretary, Bernice Reynolds; treasurer, Clyde Walbert.

It is hoped this semester that we can weave into our programs interesting things about Spain and the life there, which we cannot get in the classroom, and thus increase our knowledge of Spanish-speaking people.

THE STUDENT COUNCIL

The outstanding achievement of the Student Council thus far this year is the highly successful Parent-Teacher Association drive. With a wave of enthusiasm, over eleven hundred members were secured in less than two weeks. This exceeds even last year's remarkable record of one thousand and one. While the final figures have not been received from the other schools, East High School stands in an excellent way to have the largest association in the city.

The current Student Council is the thirteenth in the history of the school. Regardless of this ominous circumstance, all indications point to a very successful term. The officers are: Eugene Gray, president; Van Robinson, vice-president; Rita Novinger, secretary and treasurer. The meetings are held on Tuesdays, the sixth period, in the Music Room. All meetings are informal discussions of the welfare of the school from the viewpoint of the student as well as from the standpoint of the faculty.

A pleasing get-acquainted party was held the afternoon of October 3d in the Gymnasium. As a direct result, a greater ease and freedom in the regular discussions was at once apparent.

EAST HIGH Y. W. C. A.

Do you belong to the Y. W. C. A.? It is never too late to join this wonderful organization. Recently a membership drive was held and 320 members were secured.

The officers of the "Y" are as follows: Edna Pearson, president; Edith Soppeland, vice-president; Marjorie Gustafson, secretary; Bernice Reynolds, treasurer. The chairmen of committees are: Service, Greta Huggins; program, Rita Novinger; social, Louise Frame; world fellowship, Lois Louise Thornburg; publicity, Margarite Murray; Bible study, Eleanor Burton; membership, Edith Soppeland.

The main purpose of the Y. W. C. A. this year is to help all girls to lead a more Christian life. All the programs aim toward this one big idea. At Bible study every other Monday in the Music Room, the girls are studying the women of the Bible.

A meeting that was very impressive was the recognition service for new girls. Before the girls lighted their candles, three girls offered prayers. While music was being softly played, each new girl walked quietly down the aisle and lighted a little candle from Edna Pearson's larger one. Then they went back to their seats, and held their little gleam of light which consecrated them to the bigger, richer things in life. The song, "I Would Be True," was sung by all the old and new members. Then the meeting was dismissed. And I am certain had you been there you would have felt the impressiveness, the stateliness, and the reverence of the whole thing.

Come to the "Y" this year and be a real Christian girl.



PHILOMATHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The Philomathian Society is an organization of fifty girls striving for the further development of literary work in East High, and for truer all-round girls. The society is starting the work for this year under the leadership of Ruth Foster as president, Genevieve Tucker as vice-president, Amanda Burger as secretary, and Rita Novinger as treasurer.

At a recently called meeting thirteen new girls were voted into the club, and a few days later were initiated at Union Park. As Josephine Macauley was the chairman of the initiation committee, it may well be said that it was a lively initiation. As special feature of the initiation, the girls were blindfolded and the supposed remains of a girl who died because she failed to get into the Philo. were passed through their hands piece by piece, such as teeth, hair, gray matter.

The new members appreciated the fact that they had met the tests, and had not failed to get into the club, therefore had not met the same fate that the other girl had. They went home feeling very much alive, and with the feeling that things could have been worse.

THE "HI-Y" CLUB

Clean Sportsmen
Habits
Speech
Scholarship

Did the "Hi-Y" get a good start this year? Well, ask any of the old members who attended the opening meeting of the year. More boys showed up at this first meeting than any other one in the history of the club. With this good start the "Hi-Y" hopes to accomplish more than ever before.

Membership is open to all boys who are willing to do their best to uphold the standards of the club and the school. The high school age is the time when characters are being moulded, and through the help of the "Hi-Y," boys will be able to have better and higher ideals.

A meeting is held each Wednesday night at 6:15, when the members come together for supper, after which the club as a whole goes to the music room. A short business meeting and an enjoyable program create a feeling of friendship and good will among the members that lasts throughout the week and makes itself felt all through the school.

The cabinet is as follows: Mr. Dewitt I. Williams, adviser; Claude Geisler, president; Ernest Porter, vice-president; Don Burnett, secretary; George Johnson, treasurer; J. Sherman Greene, chairman of service committee; Van Robinson, chairman of membership; and John Hoff, chairman of entertainment.

THE GIRLS' DRAMATIC CLUB

Under the direction of Mrs. Miller, the Girls' Dramatic Club again resumed its place in school activities with its customary pep and enthusiasm.

Tryouts were held October 2d and October 9th; at these meetings twenty girls were elected to membership. October 17th, a one-act play, "The Reader," directed by Nell Johnson, was given. Exceedingly good work was done by the girls, who were Kathryn Cossion, Lois Louise Thornburg, Emily Albricht, Rosebelle Houston, Nell Johnson, Dorothy Ellison, and Mary Hayne.

At the initiation at McHenry Park which followed this meeting a parody of this play was given by seven of the pledges. They were Louise McCaughan, Iola Smith, Margaret Hayes, Anita Allan, Josephine Jeffries, Alice Ledly, and Evelyn Walker.



We hope to make this year the most successful one yet and with the following officers we are sure to do so: Louise Burnett, president; Irma Swanson, vice-president; Rosebelle Houston, treasurer; Marjorie Gustafson, secretary.

GIRLS' ATHLETIC LEAGUE

At the last meeting in the spring the first Girls' Athletic League of East High elected officers as follows: President, Lorena Cowell; vice-president, Ruth Mellin; secretary-treasurer, Helen Venn. Although we were very sorry to lose Miss Curtis we extend a cordial welcome to our new gymnasium teacher and league adviser, Mrs. Maffit.

The league has taken as its aim to help girls become interested in athletics, secure their monograms, and promote better sportsmanship for the girls of East High.

Three girls have their first monograms and are working for the second. About nineteen girls have fifty points or more toward their first monograms. With the help of the league these girls hope to have one hundred fifty points by spring.

The league now has a room of its own which the girls are going to convert into a club room as soon as possible.

If you are curious as to the efficiency of the league girls, go over to the gym some day and you will discover that we have in East High a Miss Paddock, Miss Babe Ruth, Miss Vance, Miss Johnson, Miss Weismuller, and several other notables. We are sure that your curiosity will be satisfied.

SHAKESPEARIAN

A most interesting semester of club activity is in store for members of the Shakespearian Club under the leadership of Ernest Porter and Willard Mabec with Dorothy Cahill as secretary and treasurer. Miss McBride and Miss Gabriel are the faculty advisers.

The initial purpose of the club is to offer means to its members of becoming more familiar with the works of Shakespeare and other famous playwrights than can possibly be secured in the ordinary classroom work.

The program chairman has, with the aid of the faculty advisers, already obtained for members of the club a most interesting and worth-while speaker, the essayist, Dallas Lore Sharp. Members of all the upper English classes of the school were the club's guests in sharing the privilege of hearing Dr. Sharp's talk on the subject, "What Is An Education?" The frame upon which the entire talk was based consisted of five different days in the speaker's life which had played the most active role in his education. Those days were: A day of possession, a day of adventure, a day of wonder, a day of power, and a day of humility.

Of equal interest was the meeting at which Miss Gabriel told of her experiences during her recent trip abroad.

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS

In order to gain a more thorough knowledge of the French language, Le Cercle Francais, or the French Club, was organized in Miss Pritchard's room last spring, with Margaret Pelton presiding, Martha Cunningham as secretary, and Miss Jordan as adviser; eighty-six members were enrolled. This year the number has decreased to sixty-three, owing to the fact that a number of the advanced French students have graduated.

The motto of the club is "Avant," which means "Onward." The members are living up to their motto, for the average grade of each must be a three. And in order



to be a member a French I student must have a grade of two, a French II student a grade of two, a French III student a grade of three and a French IV student a grade of four.

The officers elected for this year are: President, John McBeth; secretary, Neola Kerr; treasurer, Beryl Patterson.

Only one meeting has been held this semester. Meetings are held every fourth Tuesday in the month. In our oncoming meetings we intend to give at least one French play and have several short French talks.

A short social hour is always held at the end of each semester, so as to enable the members to have one good social time.

RADIO CLUB

The East High Radio Club, which was organized late last spring, is one of the newest organizations in this school. It is composed of boys who, after having passed a test given to determine their knowledge of radio, are declared members.

The aim for this semester, as always, is to further the knowledge of radio and to help the other members by spreading the wisdom of experience.

The club is very fortunate in having for an adviser Mr. Astor, a man who has had a great deal of experience with radio.

The officers for this semester are: Eugene Griffith, president; Don Weaver, vice-president; Frank Grogan, secretary-treasurer, and Carroll Baldwin, sergeant-at-arms.

NORMAL TRAINING CLUB

A meeting of all of the members in the Normal Training Club was called September 17th. A committee was appointed to plan the initiation for the new members. A week later the girls dispensed with the regular meeting and rode in trucks and cars out to the McClelland Grove, where they devoted all their talents and energies to initiating their new members. Did the girls have fun? If you will just ask any member who was there!

Miss Duval is our faculty adviser for this year and the officers for the semester are: Margaret Groves, president; Bessie Calvert, vice-president; and Phoebe McClelland, secretary-treasurer.

In accordance with the aim of the club, which is to create interest and to develop leadership, the girls are working out projects and display work to be put on exhibition for the State Teachers' Convention held here November 6th, 7th, and 8th. Besides work of this kind, at their regular meetings, the club has speakers address them on subjects connected with rural teaching.

THE ORCHESTRA

All members of the Orchestra were glad to have our director, Mr. J. H. Gilbert, back with us this year. Early in the semester we were put to work on some new overtures, marches, and semi-classics.

We have in the Orchestra this year a large instrumentation, including practically every instrument except a bassoon. We are fortunate to have a bass violin, oboe, and viola, all of which are rarely found in a high school orchestra.

The Orchestra has played at most of the assemblies this year and Mr. Gilbert has made plans to have us give a concert out of the city.

Everyone is invited to look our Orchestra over, as we plan to have the best high school orchestra in the city.



THE BAND

We have in East High a hard working organization; this is the Band. The band boys are always at the football games, doing their best to help our team "bring home the bacon." Their purpose is to give pep to the crowds at our assemblies and athletic meets.

Although many new faces, which take the place of those who are gone, are seen, Mr. Gilbert is doing his best to make us play like a group of experienced musicians.

After the football season is over we expect to settle down and make a Band that East High will be proud of.

THE LATIN CLUB

The Latin Club is progressing better this year than it has for some time. There are forty-four members enrolled, twenty-nine of whom are new to the club.

The object of the Latin Club is to make the individual better acquainted with the old Roman customs and historical facts, many of which are extremely interesting. There are some very good programs planned along these lines which will provide both entertainment and knowledge.

The officers of this club are: Van Robinson, president; Lois Louise Thornburg, vice-president; Eleanor Burton, secretary-treasurer Mary Elizabeth Hawk, janitrix, and James McGrevey, janitor.

CAMP FIRE

The aim of the Camp Fire Club this year is to get more girls interested in Camp Fire work. We also want to give service to our school and to anyone who wants help of any kind.

We have had two good meetings, a hike and picnic at Grand View Park thus far this year. All girls interested in the club are cordially invited to our meetings.

The officers for this year are: Vera McCoy, president; Wilma Spenick, vice-president; Mary Garton, secretary; Louise McCaughan, treasurer.





Quilliams

OSKY-WOW-WOW! Skinny-Wow-Wow!
East Des Moines High School—Wow!”

IF CHEWED penholders are a sign of brilliance the Quill staff must surely be stars.

MAYBE checkers is a back number in the line of sports, but “checks” certainly are the——in the line of clothes.

THE staff has begun to believe that slavery is still in existence in some parts of Lee township.

WILMA SPEVACK says her favorite sport is canoeing. We wonder if she paddles her own.

THE football season provides excuses for lots of black eyes. (He who gets slapped.)

THE members of the Quill staff who were priding themselves upon their originality in coining the title “Quilliams” for this page were chagrined to find among the members of the school an Albert Quilliam, who has known this word for years.

SENIOR English gives the students the “Woolleys.”

ATTENTION, salesman! Mr. Peterson is in the market for at least a carload of loud-speakers for his Science VI girls.

THERE should be a rule that no student should be allowed to powder *his* nose in class.

H E DOESN'T stand by the school who stands by the stand by the school.



HOW PETER TALKED WITHOUT WORDS

Almost everyone, whether he has had her in class or not, knows Miss Bradley, our helping teacher. Miss Bradley has shown that she is capable of adjusting herself to any task; whether it be teaching foreigners, being a grade school principal, or High School teacher. I wonder how many could have done as well as she, in the situation which Miss Bradley very humorously tells to our reporter.

"As I was coming up on the train from Malcom, I was interrupted in my window viewing by a tapping on my shoulder. I turned to see the conductor bending over me.

"I beg your pardon, Miss, but do you speak any other language but English?"

"No," I answered, but as a look of bewilderment passed over his face, I asked him the trouble.

"Well, Miss, you see it's this way. There was a young Norwegian fellow got on back yonder and told me to let him off at West Liberty, where he was to change cars to go to St. Paul. Well, Miss, I forgot to put him off and now I can't make him understand that I'll put him off at Des Moines, and that he can change cars there."

"And you wish me to get him off?"

"Yes, but he can speak only Norwegian."

"Well," I answered, "I don't need to speak Norwegian to get him off the train. I'll undertake to get him off, if you'll introduce me to him."

"So the conductor turned to the seat behind me where sat a very intelligent looking boy with the clear complexion and light hair of the Norwegian. The conductor pointed to me and then to the boy and then from the boy back to me. Very gallantly he rose to his feet and made me a deep bow, the while smiling very graciously. My heart at once went out to Peter, as I later learned his name.

"By this time we were pulling in to Des Moines, so putting on my hat and picking up my traveling bag, I started toward the door. Very quickly Peter got his luggage, and politely yet firmly took my bag from me and followed me onto the platform.

"Taking him to the agent I told him the story and he assured me he would be glad to put Peter on to the train.

"Pulling out his watch, Peter asked me, with his eyes, what time he was to leave; so taking my index finger I pointed to 10 o'clock and then traced around to 10:30. Smiling a comprehending smile, he tucked his watch back into his pocket.

"Poor fellow," I thought, "I'll bet he's hungry," so holding my stomach and pointing to my mouth, I raised my eyebrows.

"It seemed Peter was ravenously hungry, because as he bent over and held his stomach, a very tragic expression flitted across his features. Both of us involuntarily broke into a giggle, so I turned and led the way to the dining room.

"Of course Peter could not read the menu but he *could* read figures; so I pointed to the list below the heading, '60c'. He nodded and then pointed to it and then to me. As I was not hungry, I shook my head, 'No.' But he so vigorously pointed, and seemed so insistent, that I ordered a light lunch.

"During the meal I amused myself by pointing to an article and then making Peter speak it in English. Turning the tables he would speak it in Norwegian, and then make me say it. Peter's attempts at English were pretty good, but when I attempted to speak Norwegian the other diners were convulsed at what was going on.

"When we finished eating, Peter pulled out a five-dollar bill and pointing to himself and me he gave it to the waitress.

"Seeing it was getting late, I wrote my name on a piece of paper and passed it to Peter. Immediately he did the same, writing.

"PETER RASMUSSEN.



Exchange



"The Student Crier"

Fairbury Township High School

Fairbury, Illinois

Dear Quill Editor:

About thirty-five schools of the state competed in the Tenth Annual State Typing Contest, held at Normal on May 10th.

Marjorie Love, of Fairbury, won first place in the individual event in Typing I and so is State Champion in First Year Typing. She wrote 66.6 words a minute, breaking the record of 59.6 words, which won first place last year, and writing ten more words a minute than the student who took second place this year with 56.9. Miss Love's record is an unusual one and we are very proud of her achievement.

Vivian Craig, of Fairbury, made the second highest individual record in Typing I, but because she had not qualified in the individual event in the district contest at Bloomington, she was not eligible for a place.

Miss Love received a gold medal in recognition of her work.

—"The Student Crier."

Congratulations, Miss Love. We hope Fairbury High School will be as honored in their other activities as they were in the Typing Contest.

"The Rustler"

Fremont, Nebraska

Dear East High Quill:

Our school needs some new rah-rah songs which are catchy and singable. In order to receive the best of our talent we are launching a contest. Two prizes will be awarded the one submitting the best song. The words are to be written to the music of "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More," "Why Did I Kiss That Girl," or "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." We should like to have the songs adaptable to any sport. The following points will be considered particularly: (1) Quality of words, (2) their adaptability to music, and (3) their adaptability as genuine pep-songs.

—"The Rustler."

The Quill wishes you success in your contest. If your ability to write songs is as good as your ability in printing an interesting paper we are sure that by this time you will have a good number of peppy songs to cheer you on to victory.



"Technical News"

Technical High School

Omaha, Nebraska

Dear East High Quill:

We have a prize winner in an essay contest among our postgraduate ranks. Miss Jennie Galt won second in Douglas county.

"This is the first time I was ever fortunate enough to win a contest prize," says Miss Galt. "My inspiration to write an essay was promoted by Miss Hostetter, one of our librarians who pointed out the fact that a trip to our capital was the national prize. I enjoyed the time spent in writing the essay, and the thrill of gaining the recognition that I did was sufficient reward for me."

The essay contest was open to girls from 13 to 19. The subject for the contest was, "Why Young Men I Know Should Attend a Citizen's Training Camp."

—"Technical News."

East High is glad to hear of Miss Galt's success. As this is her first prize we hope that she may continue to receive honors in the field of essay writing.

TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION

"I don't know."

Why is it that the majority of students evade the pronouncing of those three words when asked something pertaining to a lesson—a lesson some of us, perhaps too few, admit we didn't study? Why do we attempt to foil the instructor by falling into a long, evasive, as well as irrelevant, discourse on the subject at hand—and even on a totally different one sometimes?

The fact is, we haven't the courage to say "I don't know." We take the floor under the delusion that saying something constitutes a recitation.

At the root of this stubborn refusal to say that we do not know lies the subconscious desire of everyone to make others believe he knows everything. The teacher thinks just as much, if no more, of you for saying frankly, "I don't know." Personally, some of us—the writer included—can appreciate these rambling speeches. Class periods go a great deal faster, and the teacher hasn't sufficient time to get around to us for a question or two.

If you don't know, say so! No one can know everything.

—"The Spotlight," Valley Junction, Iowa.

TIME

No "Lost and Found" column will ever recover lost time. It is, therefore, up to each student to make the most of his time. Time, unlike money, although much more valuable, cannot be recovered once it has passed. Don't be a spendthrift of your time, use it to your best advantage. Since time is so precious, let us grasp every minute and make it serve our best purposes.

—"The Echoes," Council Bluffs, Iowa.



WHAT DO WE MEAN BY LOYALTY?

Loyalty to B. H. S. means much more than loud singing and yelling. Love for our school is shown by our attitude as we mingle in the halls and go about the routine of our daily business. If a student is dishonest or underhanded, he is certainly disloyal, no matter how many activities he takes part in. Our conduct in and out of school means much to the name and position of B. H. S. in the community. The school is judged by the students. Each one has his place to fill, and the impression he creates and the memory he leaves depend on himself alone.

We should be friendly, courteous, and respectful. We should so conduct ourselves that when students come or leave they will compliment Blackwell High School, not for her pep alone, but for her courteous, kindly, and hospitable spirit as well. It is not the one who yells the loudest, but the one who plays the game cleanest and squarest who is the most loyal to B. H. S.

Let's make this a big year.

—"The Buckshot," Blackwell, Oklahoma.

THE WAY TO PEACE

Not what we have, but what we use;
Not what we see, but what we choose—
These are the things that mar or bless
The sum of human happiness.
Not what we take, but what we give;
Not as we pray, but as we live—
These are the things that make for peace
Both now and after time shall cease.

—"Quaker Campus, Whittier College, Whittier, California.

Teacher: "How many clauses are there?"

Miss "Wise": "Three, independent, dependent, and Santa."

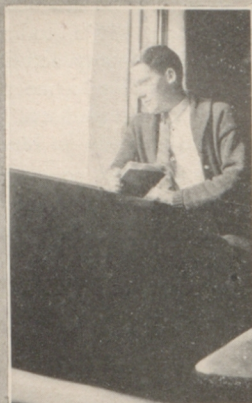
—West High "Tatler," Des Moines, Iowa.



AN AUTUMN LEAF



COLUMBUS DAY-1924



"MELANCOLY DAYS —"



HARVEST TIME



THE FALL OF
ROME — O



NET RESULTS



WHAT MAKES
GENE "GRAY"

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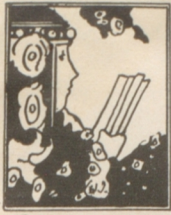
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Alumni



Many of our graduates continue their education at some college or university. It may interest some of our present students, who we hope are planning to go to college, to know which colleges are most popular with our alumni. Most of those who are entering some institution of higher learning this fall have chosen Drake. We are giving here the names of the most popular colleges and those entering them this fall.

DRAKE

From the class of '24:

Bernice Samuelson, Grace Everley, Lillian Buckles, Frances Deskin, Robert Ellison, Chas. Johnson, Margaret Front, Floyd Keeling, Florence Moffet, Mildred Sarchfield, Marjorie Mathis, Marie McCarthy, Ola M. Peterson, Norman Johnson, John Woodmansee, Cliff Gray, Francis Joseph, Lyle Newton, Lorraine Joseph, Isadore Shaphren, Esther Pochter, Carl Larson, Mildred Taylor, William Hall, Floyd Feaster, Velma Morgan, Chas. Brockett, Marjorie Swanson, Cleta Missildine, Eugene Davidson and Mabel Talbot.

From the class of '23:

Vida Neeland, Vivian Hild, William Hartung, Paul Goodrich, Laurin Gray, Russell Heston.

From the class of '22:

Harold McNay and Edna Larson. Thomas Elleson, Margaret Keeney, Hugh Gallagher, and Mildred De Loy from the class of '21, Lillian Shephard '15 and Jack Kountz '16 complete the Drake list.

OTHER COLLEGES

Des Moines University is also chosen by a large number of college entrants. Entering Des Moines University this fall are the following:

From the class of '24:

Hazel Canfield, Lucie Hayes, Eldred Wolford, Dorothy Naylor, Merle Stroud, Cleotus Shlesselman, Kenneth Gould, Lowell Fletcher, Ray Arenberg, Willis Birchard, Helen Ferguson, Russell Johnson, Leora McKee, Leonor Wilkinson, and Cliff Anderson.

From the class of '23:

Helen Scott, Glen Knipfer, John MacDonald, Leona Rockholtz, Margaret Burgess, Edna Edgren and Alixe Park.

Iowa State College of Ames enrolled twelve from East High this semester. They are Robert Wood, Corwin Redman, Irene Murrow and Carroll Garland '24; Kenneth Hill and Floyd Blackledge, '23; Henry Peterson, LeRoy Jones and Grace Kyes, '22; Harry Imis, '21; Helen Kyes, '19, and Kenneth Greenlee, '19.

The University of Iowa at Iowa City has taken Lulu Rawlins, '24; Virgil Morton, '24; Joseph Comito, '24, and Emmanuel Comito, '22.

Of the students entering these colleges forty-seven are boys and forty-two are girls. There are supposed to be more women than men in college, but such does not seem the case here.



OUR ATHLETES

Glenn Strobbridge, class of '19, is now coaching the Nevada football team.

"Shrimp" will be remembered for his fine playing at East and if he can coach as well as he can play Nevada should have a successful season.

Lyle Newton, '24, is attending Drake and playing with the yearling football squad. Lyle worked hard at East and if he continues to do so should secure a position on the varsity in the next few years.

Archie Johnson, '24, and Howard Parks, '24, are both holding positions on the Grinnell varsity football squad. We hope these former East High athletes will play the same brand of football at Grinnell as they did here. We know Grinnell will have a good team if they do.

A recent article by R. E. Jeanson in the Sunday Register proclaims Dow Byers, son of H. W. Byers, as the best athlete ever produced at East High School. Dow entered high school in 1909 and began playing football at end. He soon showed such unusual ability at toting the ball that Coach John Van Liew placed him at halfback, where he played the rest of his football career. The fact that East carried off the city title twice in succession and the state title once proves that the East Siders had some players of more than passing ability while Dow was in school.

The fact that Dow Byers was chosen captain of the all-state team twice is proof enough of who it was that was furnishing the punch to render Van Liew's boys victorious. The factors which entitled Byers to all the good things written or said of him are that he could hit the line like a battering ram, tackle with deadly certainty, run interference to perfection and was as great an open field runner as ranged the gridiron in his time. He played with Wisconsin in 1915 and was chosen by Walter Eckersall as all-American halfback. His football career ended when he married and went to the farm in the Red River Valley.

The uncertainty of farming did not appeal to him, however, and he is now an agent for the Standard Oil Company in Des Moines.

Mac Byers, a brother of the famous Dow, who starred for East High and Ames, is coaching the East Des Moines Athletic Club, which is a strong contender for the city semi-pro title.

Notre Dame has among her number, Harry O'Boyle, who is rated by many as one of the greatest all-round football players ever developed at East Des Moines. He is on the reserve squad this year which has played in parts of the Army and Princeton games. Lee township is backing Harry to the limit and we shall likely hear more from him as he develops under the tutelage of Knute Rockne, Notre Dame's wonder coach.

We are glad to learn that Bruce Gould, editor of the Quill, 1916, is doing well in New York, where he is working on the New York Sun. He is also writing book reviews for the New York Tribune. An article by him, "Wells of Correct Thought," appears in the American Mercury for October. We are also informed that he has married Miss Beatrice Blackmore of Ottumwa and Des Moines.

John Van Liew, an alumnus and former coach of East High, is now coaching the teams of Knox College at Galesburg, Illinois. He is a great coach, as may be determined by the opposition his team gave the powerful Drake eleven this fall.

East High has the honor of seeing three of her graduates play on the Drake football team this fall. Ben Lingenfelter is holding a regular position at end. Herschel Lair is a substitute end and Bobby Grund is a substitute quarterback.



Banter



The school gets the benefit,
The student gets the fame;
The printer gets the money,
But the staff, they get the BLAME.

◆ ◆ ◆

Carl Parks (giving principal parts of "to skate"):
"Skate, slipperi, falli, bumpus."
Teacher: "Yes, failo, failure, flunki, suspendus."

◆ ◆ ◆

S. O. S.

Talking about a homeward sea journey.
Miss Gabriel: "Is it better to be wrecked on the way home?"

Don Burnett: "Or wrecked after you GET home?"

◆ ◆ ◆

HEARD ON THE SIDE LINES

Mother: "His nose seems broken."

Fiance: "And he's lost his front teeth."

His Sister: "But he didn't drop the ball!"

◆ ◆ ◆

We understand that the Chinese word for "flunk" is similar to this: "Chamgyn-kooptzoy." Here is a case where a thing is easier done than said.—Orange and Black.

◆ ◆ ◆

Miss Woodman: "I hate to think of my thirtieth birthday."

D. F.: "Did something unpleasant happen then?"

◆ ◆ ◆

Claude Geisler told the Hi-Y confectionery boys they could watch the game between halves.

◆ ◆ ◆

Mary: "Jack kissed me last night."

Jane: "How many times?"

Mary: "I came to confess, not to boast."

To Whom It May Concern:

The joke department is a tragedy, fraught with dire perplexities and only unusable contributions; but constant persistence and a fiendish cracked laugh will liven up the dismal prospect.

◆ ◆ ◆

Mother: "Virginia, you were out late again last night, weren't you?"

Virginia: "No, mother, I was in at ten o'clock."

Mother: "Why, I heard that young man say distinctly, 'just one.'"

◆ ◆ ◆

Girl: "I wouldn't let Mary marcel my hair. It is all out before you get home."

Boy: "What do you let it get out for? Why don't you keep your hat on?"

◆ ◆ ◆

Teacher: "What is the best known native American animal?"

Jack Appleby: "The Hot Dog!"

◆ ◆ ◆

Teacher: "Were you copying his work?"

Harry: "No, I was just looking to see if he had mine right."

◆ ◆ ◆

Gene: "Chee, this locker won't open."

Ernie: "Well, no wonder. You got the wrong locker."

◆ ◆ ◆

When men have a birthday they take a day off.

◆ ◆ ◆

When women have a birthday they take a year off.

◆ ◆ ◆

There is a girl in school who swears she has never been kissed.

We say she has a right to swear.



ABSENT MINDED PROFESSOR

Mr. Beard returned to his home and, without thinking, rang the bell. A new girl answered.

Mr. Beard: "Um—ah—is Prof. Beard at home?"

Girl: "No, sir, but he'll be here at any time."

So Mr. Beard sat down on the steps to wait for Professor Beard.

Ray S. to Bob R.: "If the Prince of Wales didn't get married who would be queen?"

Mr. Wisdom: "If you two would put your heads together it would make a brick pavement."

A TRAGEDY

PROLOGUE

She (passionately): "Oh-o-o-!"

He (ditto): "Ah-o-o-!"

Father of she (ditto): "Gr-r-r-!"

(Breathing Spell)

THE TRAGEDY ITSELF

She (pointing): "Oh, my father!"

He (ditto): "Oh, my Gawd!"

Father of she (ditto): "No; your hat."

No curtain.

Everybody passes out.

CHEAP SKATE

Don B.: "We'll now take up a collection to buy stuff for the Christmas boxes."

Wm. Gould: "Hey! Got change fer a nickle?"

OW!

Announcement in bulletin concerning fire drill:

"All of those who are not able to walk should go to the nurse's room where stretchers will be provided."

Ed: "You know, Paul, my. ancestors came over on the Mayflower."

Paul: "Yeah? Mine couldn't come, they had to go to Julius Caesar's funeral."

Wanted—A housekeeping man by a business woman. Object, matrimony.

THE REWARD OF VIRTUE

From Don Burnett, motorist, we heard this complaint:

"We stopped, looked and listened, and a blooming idiot bumped into our rear."

A. P.: "This problem is easy; you can do it in your head."

L. W. (correcting S. Green's paper): "This guy must have; he didn't put it on his paper."

Miss Cole: "Why did Lincoln win the election of 1864?"

David P.: "Er—because he got more votes."

Mrs. Alderson: "Tell me something of the MAY Flower Compact."

Elvera Hultman: "Uh-m. I don't know anything about the MAY Flower Compact, but I know a lot about THREE Flower Compacts."

IT HAPPENS IN THE BEST OF FOOD CLASSES

Miss Wetzstein: "What else do we eat with soup besides crackers and croutons?"

Hattie C.: "Those things that are glass that look like a straw. They have them in hospitals."

Basil P.: "My highest ambition is to be an aviator."

Harvey I.: "Hm! Mine isn't. I want to be a policeman."

B. P.: "Why?"

H. I.: "'Cause a policeman gets to ride on the street cars and get into the movies, FREE."

Miss Wetzstein: "Evelyn, what are waffles?"

Evelyn K.: "Non-skid pancakes."

Tony: "Oh, Heck. This locker won't open."

Bob: "Well, no wonder. See who it's made by, Junk an' Co." (Junkunc).

Fall Styles For Young Men

The Newest English Models from the world's leading makers are now on display at Style Headquarters for the Young Men of East High.

Latest styles are featured at no extra cost by the largest and leading Clothiers of East Des Moines

ESTABLISHED 1883
H.C. HANSEN, PRES.

The Garfield
EAST 6TH & LOCUST
GOOD CLOTHES
FOR MEN, YOUNG MEN AND BOYS

Winning Football

Takes More Than Speedy Backs

You've got to have *team-work*
and *interference*.

YOU can't win all lifes battles by speed, either. You need "assistance" to gain success, and wealth, and the other things you want, just the way the man carrying the ball on the gridiron needs it.

Money in bank will "take out" the opposing obstacles and open the way to victory.

OPEN AN ACCOUNT HERE
Develop Real Team-work this Season!

We Pay 4% on SAVINGS

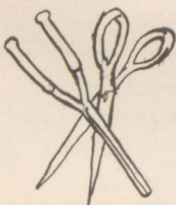
Service that Satisfies

Capital City State Bank

Resources Exceed Three and One half Million Dollars

Bank Building, East Fifth and Locust Streets

HAIR DRESSING • IN EAST HIGH •



A SHINGLE AND A CUTE
MARCELLE
IS ALL THE STYLE AS
ONE CAN TELL.

Tho' different
hair dress you
will see
You'll find OUR
girls will surely
be

The perfect wom-
an, nobly planned
to warn to com-
fort and command.



OH MARY HAS A
BIG LONG BRAID,
TO BOB HER HAIR
SHE IS AFRAID.



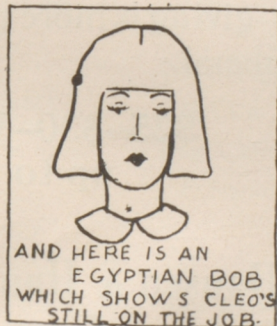
RINGLETS, WAVES, AND
CLINGING CURLS
ARE STILL WORN BY A
FEW GIRLS.



AN EAST HIGH MAIDEN,
VERY FAIR
WITH PUFFS, A COMB
AND PILED-UP HAIR.



SMOOTH AND SLEEK AND
PRESSED DOWN FLAT,
NOW JUST WHAT DO YOU
THINK OF THAT ?



AND HERE IS AN
EGYPTIAN BOB
WHICH SHOWS CLEO'S
STILL ON THE JOB.



A STRAIGHT HAIR CUT
IS SOMETIMES WORN
AND LOOKS REAL NICE
THO' LOCKS ARE SHORN.

H. HAYES

IF YOU HAVE ANY QUESTIONS

Ask ME

Dear M E:

What does the "J" mean, in J. Sherman Greene R. N.

Dear R. N.:

We imagine, Jehoshaphat.

Dear M E:

When was the war of 1812? E. P.

Dear E. P.:

Wasn't that when George Washington was commander-in-chief?

INCREASE YOUR VOCABULARY

Use the following:

Now you're broadcasting from station KID.

You win the flannel roller skates.

You said a dishful that time, brother.

You certainly do win the whipped cream row-boat.

Rain again, kid, the rubber plant's dry.

New Fall Suits and Overcoats



—that cloak you with style and quality.

Here you'll find all the fashionably prescribed styles of the season--at each price the value --giving is more than ordinarily liberal.

**\$25--\$30--\$35--\$40
up to \$60**

**Hansen & Hansen Clothing
Company**

The Men and Boys' Store of East Des Moines

Congratulation

—to the summer graduating class for having the opportunity to publish the first Senior Class photographs in the fall number of The Quill.

Photos made by

A. O. Harper
Photographer

Maple 1776

518 East Locust

POME PAGE

OH, YOU BURNS!

O love, love, love!
Love is like a dizziness;
It winna let a poor body
Gang about his bizness!



A FOOTBALL TRAGEDY

She clung to him; the game was o'er;
Content was in her soul;
"Dear heart, I'm very happy now
That you have come back whole."
With gentle hands he smoothed her curls,
And tried to keep a laugh back
"My dear, your joy is premature,
For I am only half-back."

There was a young guy named Malony
Who never had a taste of bologny;
He said, "Holy Gee!
That's a new one on me,
Hamburger inside of a kimony."



All boys love their sisters,
But I so good have grown,
That I love other boys' sisters
Far better than my own.



Little cracks of wisdom,
Little words of bluff,
Make the teachers tell us,
"Sit down; that's enough!"

**The High School Chap In
The Right Kind of Clothes
Always Gets the Benefit
of the Doubt!**

*If its style
the answer is*

Frankel's

DISCOVERED

John Wilson has been to school one day straight without missing a class.

A powder puff in Ernie Willis' pocket.

A box of freckle cream in Sherman Greene's pocket.

Three bottles of reducing tonic in Wilhemina's locker.

Where Basil gets his marcelle.

Duwane Winters "Chews" in History Class.

O'Shea Sweaters

are

Pure Worsted, Full
Fashioned

They FIT right, and
FEEL right.

We have one for you in
your *School Colors*.

Come in and get your fit.

**Hopkins-McKee
Sporting Goods Co.**

Walnut 21 412 Seventh Street

Iowa's Foremost Athletic Outfitters



*Is a diamond if purchased at the
right price.*

We sell you Diamonds not terms. When you buy a diamond from us, you are paying for that one only, and not for the long time terms and chance extended to some person who may pay for it or may not.

Select your Diamond now for Christmas and we will gladly hold it until such time as you may want it

Beautiful New Mountings with fine Diamonds from \$35.00 to 100.00

ask to see them

A. C. HANGER, Jeweler
526 East Locust St.

Harris-Emery's

—THE STANDARD STORE OF IOWA—

Presents

TWO OF FASHION'S SMARTEST VOGUES FOR SUB-DEBS

*The New
Plaid
Hosiery*

\$2.50

*The Smart
Tie
Oxford*

\$7.50

For School, for Street, for Sportswear

Attractive plaids in two-tone combinations of gray, brown, green. Silk-and-wool or silk-and lisle mixtures. Unique and smart!

—First Floor

Plain toe style with high tongues and two-eyelet ties. Tan or black calfskin or patent. Medium heel. Extension sole. Trim and good looking!

—Second Floor

HEARD IN THE CAFETERIA

The 6th Pd.

Well, the freshmen ate with their knives again today.

Hey! Pass over that salt.

Zoooooop!

Say! You girls ain't supposed to be in the boys' line.

Aw, go on.

Let me in ahead of you, please.

That's no fair.

No wonder *I* didn't get anything to eat! Look at Mary's tray.

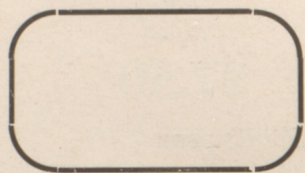
The school's going to the dogs today. (Lunch—weiners.)

There's a fly in my milk!

Well; it won't drink much.

Students!

In the box panel
below are listed all
the reasons why
you **SHOULD**
NOT buy a Utica
Suit or Overcoat.



THE UTICA
L. & A. FRIEDLICH CO.

"Iowa's Greatest Apparel Store"



Margaret: "I had a nut sundae."

Ruth: "I have one calling tonight."

When the Moon was young, did the
sky rocket?

Wingates, Costumers

Where East High students
find a warm welcome

543 Fifth

Market 971

After the Theatre **SHOPS PIAZZA**

Center Court—Shops Bldg.

A delightful Place to complete the
Evening's Pleasure

M & M SERVICE STATION

RED CROWN GASOLINE

No. 1—East Fourteenth and Lyon
No. 2—1150 Polk Blvd

C. L. MILLER

L. R. McKERN
Proprietors

McCOY'S BARBER SHOP

Marcelling Manicuring

Ladies and Childrens Hair Cutting and
Bobbing a Specialty

East 9th & Fremont Maple 12-W



SWEATERS—and still more sweaters—For Your Choosing

If you go in for Winter Sports, a heavy sweater is one of the first requisites. And, if you don't, perhaps you require one for indoors to keep you warm. We can supply every kind of a sweater from the delightfully light affairs to the shaggy sweaters for skating.

New sweaters in the popular "tee" style, as illust-

rated at the left, are fashioned of lovely yarns, in orange, green, navy and brown.

Brushed woolen sweaters in two tone effects, are worn by some of the smartest dressed school girls.

New pullovers are the height of fashion, for sports and school wear.

Priced—\$5 to 8.95

Second Floor: 8th Street

YOUNKER BROTHERS

Heard from one of our former pupils
who is now a lawyer:

"Thank goodness, ignorance of the law
does not keep the losing lawyer from col-
lecting his bill."

F-ierce lessons,
L-ate hours,
U-nexpected company,
N-ot prepared,
K-icked out.



Freshman: "Whatshu hurrin' for? Yu'
got an hour yet."

Senior: "I'm hurrying so my ink
won't run out."



Maud: "Arlene is always fishing for
compliments."

Beulah M.: "Perhaps that is why she
doesn't land a husband."



704½ Walnut

Phone Wal. 3939

Wright & Bratton PRINTERS

PRINTING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES

519 East Grand
PHONE 936 MAPLE

Editor: "How's the new society reporter? I told him to condense as much as possible."

Assistant: "He did. Here's his account of yesterday afternoon's tea: 'Mrs. Lovely poured, Mrs. Jabber roared, Mrs. Duller bored, Mrs. Rasping gored, Mrs. Embonpoint snored.'"

I have heard of

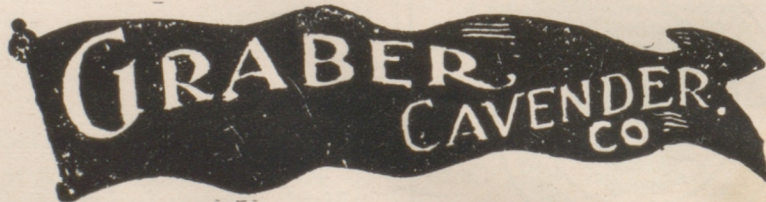
Chicken a la Maryland
Pie a la Mode

But never

Von Soup

Is it a new one?

We appreciate your patronage and strive to merit your confidence



Dry Goods and Ready-to-wear
510-512 East Locust Street

LOOKING AHEAD!

After high school, and before entering college or going into business

The Graduate of East High

will find an intensive business course to be of inestimable value. He will find such a training useful in both an educational and a financial way while pursuing his college course. In a business career he will find this preparation the best possible passport to responsible remunerative employment.

Send for our catalog. Enter any Monday.

Regular sessions all summer.

Capital City Commercial College Des Moines, Iowa

Young Man: "When I marry a girl it's going to be one with s-e-n-s-e and c-e-n-t-s."

Kid Brother: "Better be careful she don't have s-c-e-n-t-s."

◆ ◆ ◆

The editor used
This in a pinch—
He needed exactly
Another inch.

◆ ◆ ◆

At North Roosevelt game.

East: "Where's our band?"

Willard M.: "They've lost the only piece they can play."

◆ ◆ ◆

Minnette: "Sheep are certainly stupid animals."

Gene Griffith: "Yes, my lamb."

The cakeeaters who sit on the benches in the front halls use so strong a brand of hair grease that it has taken all the paint off of the wall where they lean their heads.

◆ ◆ ◆

Dusky One: "Gimme a kiss."

His Loved One: "Piggly wiggly."

"Huh?"

"Help yo'self."

◆ ◆ ◆

Margarite M.: "Is Harvey much of a tennis player?"

Joe S.: "No; he is singularly bad in doubles, and doubly bad in singles."

◆ ◆ ◆

Should the dishonest grocer be classed among those who lie in "weight" to deceive?

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

REPORT OF THE PHYSICS DEPARTMENT
FOR THE YEAR 1900-1901

CHICAGO, ILL., 1901

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

REPORT OF THE PHYSICS DEPARTMENT
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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
PHYSICS DEPARTMENT



